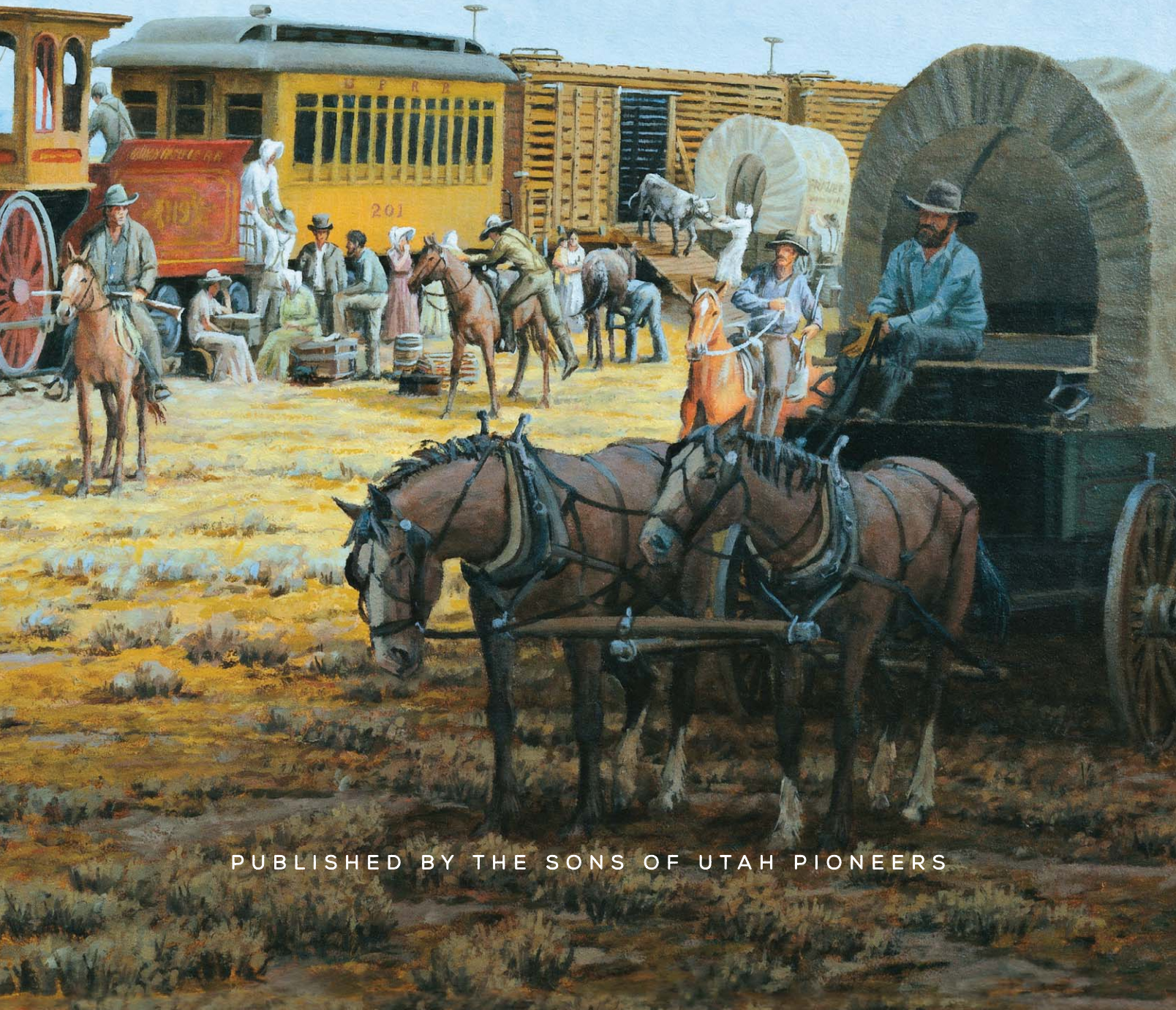
2023 . VOLUME 70 . NUMBER 2

PIONEER

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY

Gathering

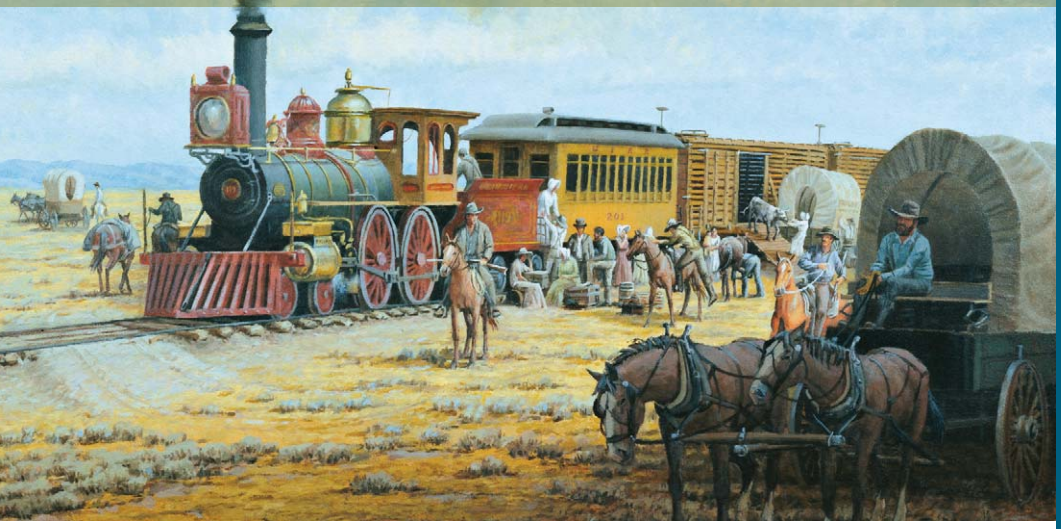
OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS



PUBLISHED BY THE SONS OF UTAH PIONEERS

2023 . VOLUME 69 . NO 2

PIONEER



COVER: *Railhead*, by Gregory Sievers (see *Sievers Art Gallery*, online)

FEATURES

2 Trail, Sail, Rail: The Nineteenth-Century Gathering of the Latter-day Saints, *by Fred E. Woods and Tiffany Taylor Bowles*

10 Green Flake, *by Margaret Blair Young*

14 Jane Elizabeth Manning James, *by Susan Easton Black*

20 Daniel Allen Jr., *by LaRon Taylor and Keith Lawrence*

28 Thomas David and Priscilla Merriman Evans

30 Elizabeth Xavier Tait: Convert from India and Survivor of the Willie Handcart Company

32 Maren Kjirstine Johansen, *by R. Kent Parsons*

38 Robert Clifton Family: Saints of the Martin Handcart Company, *by Kyle S. Anderson*

42 Maria Jackson Normington Parker: Martin Handcart Company Survivor, *by Wayne K. Hinton*

46 Charles Wilson Fox, *by Susan Hawkes*

48 Elizabeth Brook Fox, *by Susan Hawkes*

52 The Arkansas Travelers, *by Ryan Combs*

56 The Last Pioneers: Niels Mads Hansen and Karen Marie Hansen, *by Clark B. Hinckley*

64 George Washington Hill: A Life of Gathering and Sacrifice, *by Wayne Hinton*

72 *The Pioneers of 1847*, Monument honoring Black pioneers, This Is the Place Heritage Park

DEPARTMENTS

1 **President's Message:** *by John Clayton*

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF UTAH PIONEERS

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL:
PRESIDENT: John Clayton
PRESIDENT-ELECT: L. Nate Pierce
PAST PRESIDENT: Larry M. Gibson
CORPORATE SECRETARY: Tom Powell

PUBLISHER: Dr. William W. Tanner

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF & MAGAZINE DESIGNER: Susan Lofgren

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:
Dr. A. Keith Lawrence
Elizabeth Shaw Smith

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD:
Dr. Thomas G. Alexander
Dr. Wayne K. Hinton
Kent V. Lott, *Publisher Emeritus*

FINANCIAL: John E. Elggren

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Pat Cook
Email: nssup3@gmail.com
or go to the website. Annual subscription cost is $30 per year or $55 for two years.

SUP WEBSITE: www.sup1847.com

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:
3301 East Louise Avenue, SLC, Utah 84109; (801) 484–4441
Email: supnatloffice@gmail.com

SUP LIBRARY &
AFFILIATE FAMILYSEARCH CENTER:
LIBRARY DIRECTOR: John Smith

OFFICE & LIBRARY HOURS:
10 am – 5 pm, Mon. – Thurs.

MISSION STATEMENT: The mission of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers is to come to know our fathers and turn our hearts to them; we preserve the memory and heritage of the early pioneers of the Utah Territory and the western US; we honor present-day pioneers worldwide who exemplify the pioneer qualities of character; and we teach these same qualities to the youth who will be tomorrow's pioneers.

THE PIONEER VALUES: We honor the pioneers for their faith in God, devotion to family, loyalty to church and country, hard work and service to others, courage in adversity, personal integrity, and unyielding determination.

© 2023 National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers®

Recently, in a comfortable seat on a modern plane, I traveled across the continental United States in a matter of hours. It was a journey that would have taken weeks for nineteenth-century pioneers. Mid-flight, as I took in the beauty of snow-covered plains, I saw in my mind's eye a long line of wagons and handcarts of pioneers stretching across a cold, forbidding wilderness. Then I noticed a freight train snaking its way across the white landscape below me, and I realized that even its relatively slow speed would have seemed amazingly fast to early pioneers.

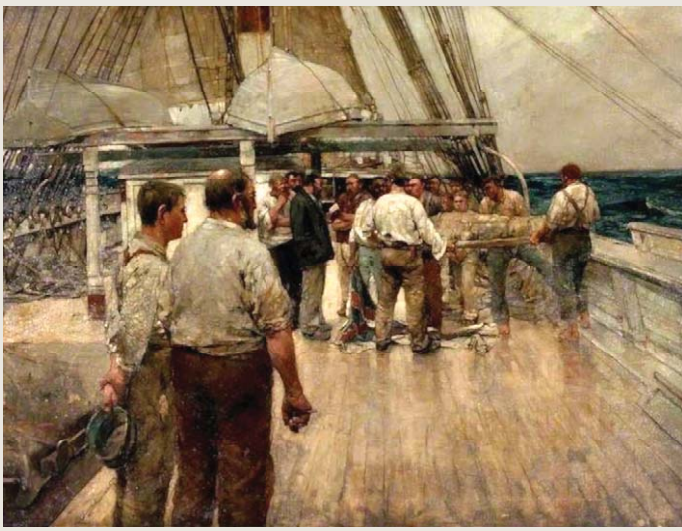
Among my Danish ancestors was a family who accepted missionaries' testimonies of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ and who committed to emigrate to Zion. Due to the family's limited funds, two of the daughters were sent to Utah ahead of the rest of the family. The two sisters cried as they boarded the ship and left their tear-filled mother at the dock. But as was the case with other Latter-day Saint converts, the Lord's tender mercies accompanied the two young sisters on their journey. They never wanted for food as the ship's cook supplied them with leftovers after the other passengers were fed. After arriving in New York they booked passage on a train heading to Utah Territory. Partway across the midwestern plains, the train was held up by train robbers who, car by car, claimed the money and valuables of the train's passengers. A fast-thinking conductor locked the doors of his car—the car the two sisters occupied—and they were protected from the robbers. They arrived safely in Salt Lake City, where the rest of their family eventually joined them.

After my flight ended on the Atlantic Coast, I took an opportunity to visit a local beach where I watched the cold, dark waves as a storm battered the shoreline. I thought of my third-great-grandfather George Cannon whose family were taught the doctrines of the restored gospel of Christ in their home on the Isle of Man. Shortly after their baptisms, George and his wife Ann Quayle and their children committed to immigrate to Zion and join the Saints. To prepare for the journey George and Ann sold or gave away most of their possessions. When Ann then announced that she was pregnant, George feared for her and the baby's health and requested that the family delay their trip. Ann insisted that the time was right, and they boarded their ship as planned.

Once at sea, however, they and the other passengers were tormented by unforgiving waves. Seasickness became a constant companion for Ann. Nausea and headaches exacerbated the strains of pregnancy, and Ann's health began to fail. Ann passed away somewhere in the North Atlantic Ocean and she was buried at sea. George and the surviving children were left to complete the journey alone.

It has been said that a parent will not place a child in or on the water—or in harm's way—unless the land they occupy is unsafe. But many early Latter-day Saint parents consciously asked their children to endure (and endured themselves) severe hardships and dangers to reach spiritually and physically safer lands. Our shared pioneer forebearers often sacrificed homes, friendships, and extended families to sail the oceans, walk the plains, and ride the rails leading to Zion. As you enjoy this special issue of *Pioneer*, I hope you will reflect on and more deeply appreciate the rich legacy left to us by thousands upon thousands of nineteenth-century immigrant Saints.

JOHN CLAYTON
SUP NATIONAL PRESIDENT 2023



THE BURIAL AT SEA BY SIR FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

TRAIL

SAIL

RAIL

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY GATHERING OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS

BY FRED E. WOODS AND TIFFANY TAYLOR BOWLES[1]

The glorious news of the restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ included the doctrine of gathering—the coming together of God's covenant people. Adherence to this doctrine would result in dramatic life changes and, for many, would require arduous travel to a new home.

During the first years of the restoration, the call to gather did not extend beyond the boundaries of North America. Then, in early April 1836, just one week after the dedication of the Kirtland Temple, Moses appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and restored "the keys of the gathering of Israel from the four parts of the earth" (D&C 110:11). From this point through the turn of the twentieth century, Latter-day Saints were asked to gather to one general region to ensure self-protection and to establish cooperative, righteous, and peaceful communities. They referred to this idealized collective body as "Zion," a people who were unified and pure in heart. During the era of physical gathering, nearly 100,000 Latter-day Saints from western Europe, Scandinavia, and other foreign lands employed various means of transportation to gather as Zion in the western United States.

During the early years of their history, Latter-day Saints were forced to immigrate from one region to another—following horseback or wagon trails from Ohio to Missouri, from Missouri to Nauvoo, and then from Nauvoo to Iowa, Nebraska, and the Utah Territory. The longest such route—the Mormon Trail—was named in their honor. Saints immigrating from the British Isles and western Europe traveled to the United States by steamship; most traveled within the United States by riverboat, sailing vessels, or train. These three modes of transportation—trail, sail, and rail—are the lifeblood of the living narratives comprising the Latter-day Saint gathering.

Until the completion of the transcontinental railroad on [May 10] 1869, the journey to Zion from Great Britain or western Europe occurred in four distinct stages. First was the trip from one's birthplace to Liverpool, often by rail or boat or a combination of the two. Second was the journey aboard a sailing vessel or (later) steamship from Liverpool to New York or New Orleans, which took from four to eight weeks during the 1850s but as few as two by late in the century. Third, immigrants disembarking in New York generally traveled as far west as they could by rail; those arriving at New Orleans took smaller vessels up the Mississippi River to Missouri. Fourth, when immigrants reached the limits of "sail" and "rail," they relied on "trail"—on the increasingly well-worn wagon route from Iowa and Nebraska to the Salt Lake Valley.

While each person's journey was unique, all shared a common goal described by Sidney Tanner: "[We wanted] to go to a land of freedom where we could enjoy the peace of society and our liberty," he said. "We did not want to live in [a] country where there was no peace, no liberty, and citizens [were] not allowed their rights."[2] So immigrant Saints came by trail, sail, or rail—or by all three—with each pioneer making sacrifices and overcoming challenges on unique journeys of faith.

LEFT CENTER: *EMIGRATION SHIP,* 1867 BY C. C. A. CHRISTENSEN

ELDERS' JOURNAL
OF THE CHURCH OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

Vol. I. No. 1.] KIRTLAND, OHIO, OCTOBER, 1837. [Whole No. 1.

North Lat, 44. *Long.* 69, 10. *Vinalhaven, Fox Islands, Monday, Sept. 18th*, 1837.

To Joseph Smith Jr. and the church of Latter Day Saints in Kirtland greeting:

Dear Saints of God, whom we love of a truth for the truth' sake that dwelleth in you, and we pray God that it may abide with you forever: As we are called to stand upon the Islands of the sea, in defence of the truth and for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ. We are under the necessity of making use of our pen, to give you an account of our labors in the ministry since we left Kirtland, as we cannot at present speak to you face to face. We left Kirtland May 31st, and took Steamboat at Fairport in company with Elder Milton Holmes, to go forth to labor in the vineyard as the Lord should direct.—After calling on the Saints in Jefferson Co. N. Y. we arrived at Sackett's Harbour and took Steamboat on the 6th of June for Upper Canada and on the 8th arived at Brother Artemus Judd's. And on the 10th, had the happy privilege of setting in conference with John E. Page, James Blakeslee, and a number other elders, and a large congregation of Saints. And we were blessed with a very interesting time. After spending several days with them we took the parting hand with these beloved friends and proceeded on our journey for the East in company with elder John Goodson, and others bound for England. We took the parting hand with them at Schenectady, and arrived at the Canaan church in Connecticut, visited the church a few days. Here elder M. Holmes took his departure for Mass. and we went to Colebrook, visited different parts of the town and held eight meetings, from thence to Canton and held a meeting in the village hall in Collinsville.—As we commenced speaking several began to beat their drums at the doors which made much confusion. This is the only disturbance we have had since we left Kirtland. We next visited Avon, where we held four meetings and many came out to hear and manifested a spirit of inquiry. And elder Woodruff had the privilege of leading three of his kinfolk into the waters of baptism. And had not the Spirit called us away to perform a greater work, we should have had no difficulty in establishing a branch of the church in that place. A family where we tarried but one night, and taught them the things of the kingdom, believed our testimony, and after our departure, two of the household followed us 15 miles to receive baptism at our hands, but we were gone, and they truly believed it to be a day of warning and not of many words. We also visited Farmington and held one meeting in the Methodist meeting house, and preached to an attentive congregation who wished to hear more concerning the great work of God. We left Farmington on the 20 of July, for Mass. and after visiting the Bradford church, and after preaching several times with them, we proceeded on our journey to Saco, Maine, where we spent several days with the church and friends. But duty urging us forward to lift the warning voice to those that had not heard the sound of the gospel, we then went to the city of Portland. We there took the Steamer Bangor on the 19 of August, to speed us on our way to the Islands of the sea, they landed us at Owls head at the setting of the sun: But how to get conveyance to the Islands we knew not, we retired to a grove and offered up our thanks unto God for his mercies and asked him to open our way before us; we returned to the Inn and soon found some men that were going near the Islands that night, they said they would land us if we chose to take passage with them. We accordingly went on board, they hoisted sail and landed us on North Fox Island, Vinalhaven, at 2 o'clock Sunday morning, August 20th. It was with peculiar feelings and sensations that we began to walk forth upon one of the Islands of the sea which was wrapped in the sable shades of night, whose waters had never covered a soul for the remission of their sins after the order of the gospel, and which soil had never before been pressed by the foot steps of an elder of Israel. We were strangers, pilgrims, and almost pennyless. But we had

The Latter-day Saint gathering outside North America began In the Kirtland Temple in early June 1837 when Joseph Smith approached one of his trusted associates, Apostle Heber C. Kimball, and confided in him, "Brother Heber, the Spirit of the Lord has whispered to me: 'Let my servant Heber go to England and proclaim my Gospel, and open the door of salvation to that nation.'"[3] A short time later, Elder Kimball, with fellow apostle Orson Hyde, prepared to lead a small group of missionaries across the Atlantic to England to gather converts from afar. The members of this group included Willard Richards, Joseph Fielding, Isaac Russell, John Snyder, and John Goodson.[4] During the space of just nine months, these early missionaries to the British Isles brought more than fifteen hundred converts into the fold. After this nine-month period, Kimball and Hyde returned to America while Fielding, Richards, and English convert William Clayton served as an interim British Mission presidency.

This initial success was bolstered less than two years later when eight members of the Twelve—Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith, and Willard Richards—embarked on another mission to Great Britain (January 1840 to April 1841). They were joined later in 1840 by a ninth member of the Twelve, Orson Hyde, who was with them until early 1841 when he departed on his mission to Palestine.[5]

The Twelve found great success, and by the spring of 1840, the desired foothold had been secured. Following a motion to allow foreign converts to emigrate, the British Saints began gathering to Nauvoo with the launching of the sailing vessel *Britannia* from Liverpool on June 6, 1840. This vanguard voyage was made by forty-one Saints and led by British convert John Moon.

After safely arriving in Illinois, John Moon's brother Francis, also a member of the group, sent a letter to friends and family back home, a letter describing the temporal and spiritual advantages of immigrating to Nauvoo: "What I might say upon this subject [I hope] might have the tendency of encouraging my fellow Englishmen in the point of gathering— And [I] would say if you can get to this land, you will be better off than in England, for in this place there is a prospect of receiving every good thing both of this world and that which is to come."[6]

Just two months after the first company of British Saints left Liverpool, the First Presidency of **THE CHURCH ISSUED AN OFFICIAL CALL TO ERECT THE NAUVOO TEMPLE; THIS CALL APPARENTLY PROVIDED THE GREATEST SINGLE STIMULUS FOR BRITISH CONVERTS TO GATHER AT NAUVOO.**[7] Joyful letters home to England from immigrant Saints encouraged nearly five thousand other British converts to follow them to Nauvoo. Between June 1840 and January 1846, thirty-four voyages from Liverpool to the United States were chartered by the Church. By the time the Saints began their forced exile from Nauvoo in February 1846, more than one-fourth of the city was made up of British converts.[8]

The maiden voyage of the *Britannia* would, by 1900, be followed by over four hundred additional voyages carrying Latter-day Saint passengers from Liverpool

NAUVOO TEMPLE, BY DOUGLAS FRYER, CHURCH HISTORY MUSEUM

NEW ORLEANS

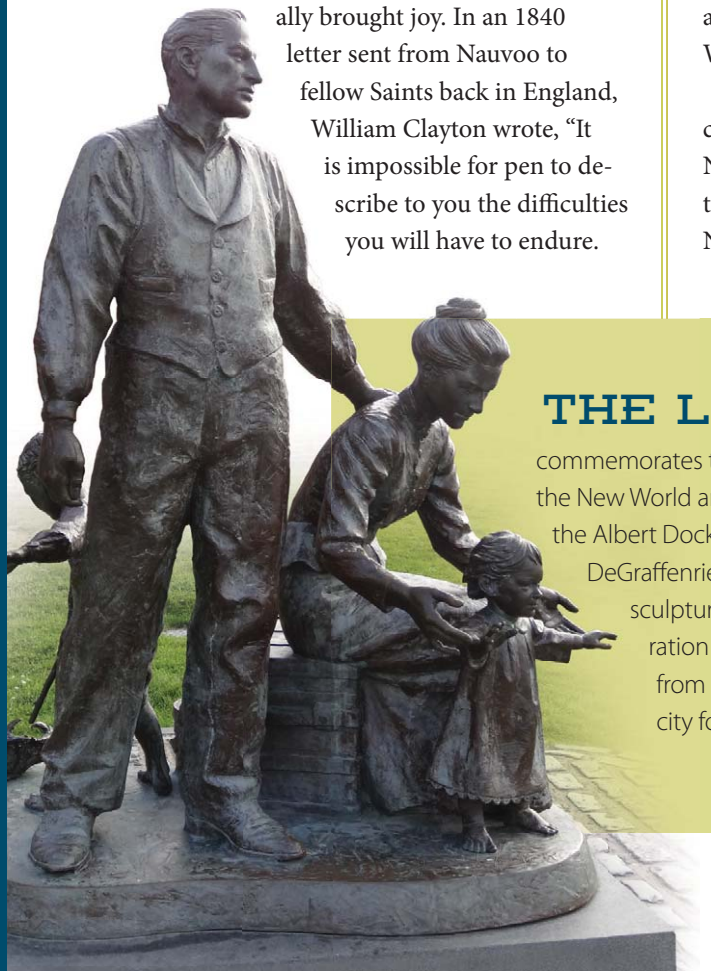
to the United States.[9] Historian Conway Sonne has observed that Liverpool was highly accessible to Irish Saints via rail connections to the ports at Hull and Grimsby. In addition, the Mersey River at Liverpool was easier to navigate than the Thames through London. Sonne further notes, "Most important in Liverpool's growth was a two-hundred-acre dock system, forming a belt along the waterfront that extended three and eventually seven miles."[10]

Rail services from Hull to Liverpool began in 1840 when the original rail line connecting Liverpool and Selby was extended from Selby to Hull.[11] The North-Eastern Railway (NER), which took control of this route in 1851, chartered emigrant steam trains from Hull to Liverpool when there was demand; the journey took up to seven hours.[12]

Regardless of the route immigrants took to board a ship from Liverpool to Zion, the scenery they had passed through varied as much as did the passengers themselves. Each had personal tales of sacrifices and miracles that enabled them to be on a ship bound for a new world and life. For the vast majority of converts, sacrifice and sorrow eventually brought joy. In an 1840 letter sent from Nauvoo to fellow Saints back in England, William Clayton wrote, "It is impossible for pen to describe to you the difficulties you will have to endure. You must come or suffer the vengeance of heaven and for my part I will say that if I was in England now and had to experience all the journey again, it would not in the least deter me from coming for I have often found that in the greatest seasons of suffering we have the greatest cause of rejoicing."[13]

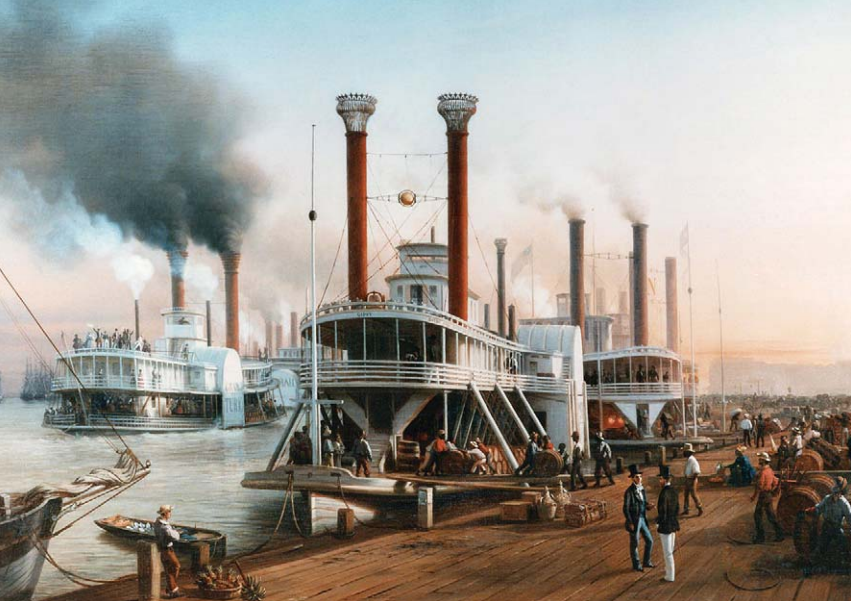
Such inspiring words touched the hearts of thousands of converts who determined to make the journey to Zion. While a comparative few of these Saints were on early ships that landed in New York or Quebec, most who left Liverpool between 1840 and 1846 (and after) disembarked at New Orleans. In a letter Joseph Smith sent to members of the Twelve in England in October 1840, he noted that "those who came here this fall did not take the best possible route, or the least expensive."[14] Six months later the *Millennial Star* reprinted an "Epistle of the Twelve" clearly stating, "It is much cheaper going by New Orleans than by New York. But it will never do for emigrants to go by New Orleans in the Summer on account of the heat and sickness of the climate. It is, therefore, advisable for the Saints to emigrate in Autumn, Winter, or Spring."[15]

The route up the Mississippi was significantly cheaper, and it enabled Joseph—and groups of Nauvoo residents—to greet immigrant Saints on the banks of the Mississippi as they disembarked at Nauvoo. Many histories tell of the joy accompany-



THE LEGACY SCULPTURE

commemorates the migration of a young family from Liverpool to the New World and can be seen outside the Piermaster's House in the Albert Dock, overlooking the River Mersey. Sculpted by Mark DeGraffenried and donated by the Church in 2001, the bronze sculpture includes a plaque that reads in part: "In commemoration of an estimated 85,000 Latter-day Saints who sailed from Europe to America from 1851–1900. We thank this city for cradling our ancestors."



STEAMBOATS IN NEW ORLEANS BY HIPPOLYTE SEBRON

ing personal welcomes from the Prophet Joseph. For example, in a letter to the *Millennial Star*, Heber C. Kimball described the landing of the Twelve and one hundred immigrating Saints at Nauvoo in the summer of 1841: "When we struck the dock, I think there were about three hundred Saints there to meet us, and a greater manifestation of love and gladness I never saw before. President Smith was the first one that caught us by the hand."[16] Robert Crookston testified, **"AS WE APPROACHED THE LANDING PLACE TO OUR GREAT JOY WE SAW THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH THERE TO WELCOME HIS PEOPLE WHO HAD COME SO FAR. WE WERE ALL SO GLAD TO SEE HIM AND SET OUR FEET UPON THE PROMISED LAND.** It was the most thrilling experience of my life for I knew that he was a Prophet of the Lord."[17]

In greeting weary immigrant Saints with the warmest possible affections, Joseph Smith succored them and strengthened their faith. The same prophet who first issued the call to gather was he who stood at river's edge to embrace them as fellow Saints. With the divine assurance that the Savior also embraced and welcomed them, the Saints developed courage and faith that would—following Joseph's martyrdom—enable them to accept a new prophet and establish another Zion in the high deserts of the American West.

This was the beginning—in 1846—of the best-known chapter of the epic gathering narrative, the exodus from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Iowa and then Nebraska and then on to the Salt Lake Valley. Many thousands of Saints from the eastern United States and Canada made their way across the plains in covered wagons or through the snowy mountain passes of Wyoming pulling handcarts; over nearly twenty years, many thousands of emigrant Saints from western Europe and Scandinavia followed in their footsteps and wagon tracks.

British Latter-day Saints would continue to use Liverpool as their main port of embarkation throughout the nineteenth century.[18] And because Liverpool served as headquarters for both the European and British missions during the latter half of the nineteenth century, other European converts also used the port of Liverpool, especially Scandinavians Saints heeding the call to come to Zion. Faithful Scandinavians generally departed from the harbor at Copenhagen, crossed the North Sea to the port of Hull on the eastern coast of England, and took the rail to Liverpool and its docks.[19] Between 1852 and 1894, over 24,000 Scandinavian Saints traveled to Utah through England.[20]

For many, the decision to emigrate did not come easily but demanded rare courage and sacrifice. Many experienced the anguish of forever leaving family, friends, and homeland. Reflecting upon her commitment to make the journey to Zion, Priscilla Staines wrote, "I left the home of my birth to gather to Nauvoo. I was alone. It was a dreary winter day on which I went to Liverpool. The company with which I was to sail were all strangers to me. When I arrived at Liverpool and saw the ocean that would soon roll between me and all I loved, my heart almost failed me. But I had laid my idols all upon the altar. There was no turning back."[21]

Similar feelings undoubtedly overwhelmed many Saints immigrating to Zion from abroad, especially after 1847. While many immigrated as traditional families—wife, husband, children—
others made the journey as newlyweds; as young, middle-aged, or elderly single individuals; as single parents, sometimes with seven or more children; as grandparents who had said final goodbyes to non-believing children and grandchildren before boarding US-bound ships. Regardless of status, all immigrating

Saints shared two commonalities, at least as they embarked on the sea voyage across the Atlantic. First, they had placed their "all upon the altar" and "there was no turning back." Second, regardless of personal challenges and sacrifices, they longed to gather as the Lord had directed.

Before 1861, immigrant Saints spent at least four months on their respective journeys from homelands to Utah. And for the many immigrants who, along the way, found it necessary to make long layovers to earn money and procure supplies, to recover from illnesses, to strengthen family members, or to plant crops or build shelters for others who would follow, three years or more might pass between their departure from Liverpool and their arrival in Utah. Regardless of the unique nature of their respective journeys, tens of thousands of believing immigrants made their way to Utah during the nineteenth century, answering prophetic calls to gather. In 1861, Church President Brigham Young declared,

"WE ARE GATHERING THE PEOPLE AS FAST AS WE CAN. WE ARE GATHERING THEM TO MAKE SAINTS OF THEM AND OF OURSELVES."[22]

Although the Latter-day Saint "gathering" looks different today than it did during the late 1800s, we do indeed still gather—and for the same reasons as the pioneers did then. As explained by President Dallin H. Oaks, "We gather in stakes in our own homelands. There the faithful can enjoy the full blessings of eternity in a house of the Lord. There, in their own homelands, they can obey the Lord's command to enlarge the borders of His people and strengthen her stakes. In this way, the stakes of Zion are 'for a defense, and for a refuge.'"[23]

President Gordon B. Hinckley affirmed that "the days of pioneering in the Church are still with us; they did not end with covered wagons and handcarts [The pioneers] marked the path and led the way. Ours is the obligation to enlarge and broaden and strengthen that path until it encompasses the whole earth."[24]

MORMON EMIGRANT FAMILY

Sculpture by Dennis Smith; original placed in Rebild National Park, Juland, Denmark, July 2000, commemorating the 150th anniversary of Latter-day Saint missionaries in Denmark and the immigration of Danish Saints to Utah. The statue is a representation of the Beck family who were part of the immigration of nearly 18,000 Danish Saints in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

PHOTO COURTESY THE MUSEUM OF DANISH AMERICA, ELK HORN, IOWA

For immigrant Saints who survived the journey, gathered safely in Zion, and remained devoted to its ideals, there were often heart-breaking sacrifices during and after the journey itself: deaths of spouses, children, parents, siblings, or close friends; permanent personal disabilities resulting from cold, exposure, hunger, or emotional distress; the loss of close family or friends to apostasy or despair; crop and building failures and other financial set-backs; and combinations of all these things. The longer the journey, the more chances for things to go wrong and for tragedies to strike. But the unique vitality and breathtaking beauty of individual pioneer narratives are inextricably bound, in many ways, to the faith and courage and conviction born and nurtured of life's raw and devastating realities. This is our inheritance from nineteenth-century pioneers; these are the underlying truths that underscore our charge to gather Israel and to become a Zion people today.

1 Portions of this article—those by Fred E. Woods—are adapted from Fred E. Woods, "Gathering Early Saints Through Liverpool," *Pioneer*, 62.2 (2015), 2–6; portions by Tiffany Taylor Bowles, docent at the Church History Museum, come from material written for the current issue of *Pioneer*.

2 Sidney Tanner, letter to James Conlee (13 Apr 1847), MS 2449,1, Church History Library (CHL), Salt Lake City, Utah.

3 Orson F. Whitney, *Life of Heber C. Kimball* (rep. 2001), 103–4.

4 Joseph Smith Jr., *History of the Church,* 2:492 (hereafter *History of the Church*), V. Ben Bloxham, et al., *Truth Will Prevail: The Rise of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the British Isles, 1837–1987* (1987), 38–9.

5 James B. Allen, et al. *Men with a Mission* (1992), 52–3.

6 "Important from America: Interesting Letter from Elder Moon who lately emigrated from England to America," *Millennial Star* (Feb 1841): 1.252.

7 *History of the Church,* 4:186; 4:230.

8 Of the thirty-four chartered voyages noted, thirty-one were launched from Liverpool. The other three left from Bristol and disembarked at Quebec (Fred E. Woods, *Gathering to Nauvoo* (2002), 153–4.

9 Mormon Immigration Index.

10 Conway B. Sonne, "Liverpool and the Mormon Emigration," unpublished paper, 10 Jul 1987, Mormon History Association Conference, Liverpool.

11 Edward Gillett and Kenneth A. MacMahon, *A History of Hull,* 2 ed. (1989), 303.

12 "Diary of Hans Hoth," typescript, 27 Dec 1853, trans. Peter Gulbrandsen, 3–4, Bancroft Library, U of California, Berkeley.

13 William Clayton to Edward Martin, 28 Nov 1840, typescript, CHL, 1.

14 *History of the Church,* 4:230.

15 "Epistle of the Twelve," *Millennial Star* (1 Apr 1841): 311.

16 Whitney, *Heber C. Kimball,* 313.

17 Robert Crookston, "Autobiography of Robert Crookston," typescript, 6, CHL.

18 Mormon Immigration Index; Conway B. Sonne, *Saints on the Seas* (1983), 117,173.

19 Andrew Jenson, "Church Emigration," *Contributor*, 13.4 (Feb. 1892): 181; William Mulder, "Mormons from Scandinavia, 1850–1900: A Shepherded Migration," *Pacific Historical Review,* 23 (1954): 237.

20 Gordon Jackson, "The Ports," *Transport in Victorian Britain,* ed. Michael J. Freeman and Derek H. Aldcroft (1988), 218–52. During this period, Copenhagen was the headquarters for the Latter-day Saint Scandinavian Mission.

21 Edward Tullidge, ed., "Priscilla Staines," *The Women of Mormondom* (1877; rep. 1975), 288; Jane C. Robinson Hindley, "Journals 1855–1905," 1:11–4, CHL. Hindley expressed similar anxiety in 1855—but also the same magnetic pull of the gathering, departing England with, as she noted, "the fire of Israel's God burning in my bosom."

22 Brigham Young *Journal of Discourses,* 9:137–8.

23 Dallin H. Oaks, "Preparation for the Second Coming," General Conference, Apr. 2004.

24 *Teachings of Presidents of the Church: Gordon B. Hinckley* (2016), 90–1.

UPPER RIGHT: *TRAIL OF SACRIFICE–VALLEY OF PROMISE* BY CLARK KELLEY PRICE

Green Flake

BY MARGARET BLAIR YOUNG

Each of us is a unique mystery. In the case of Green Flake, given at age ten as a wedding gift to James Madison and Agnes Love Flake (along with another slave, Liz) in 1838, we find various versions of his story, depending on who is telling it.

The white Flakes tend to tell Green's story starting with his baptism. In 1844, the Flake family joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints after being converted by missionary Benjamin Clapp. Green and the other slaves belonging to the family were apparently baptized by Elder Clapp some days later. Certain white Flake family members suggested—incorrectly—that Green and the other Flake slaves were freed when the Flakes joined the Church. Indeed, Green and two other Blacks, Oscar Crosby and Hark Lay, are listed as "colored servants" on the This Is The Place Monument honoring vanguard pioneers. The use of the word "servant" rather than "slave" is significant: it provided a semantic way to avoid acknowledging that there were slaves in Utah.[1]

Green's own descendants start his biography early in his life. Green Flake was born enslaved on January 6, 1828, on the Jordan Flake Plantation in Anson County, North Carolina. His true birth name is not known. Green's granddaughter, Bertha Udell, told family historian John Fretwell:

> Green said that the reason why they kept him from his mother or family was because if they love one another too much, if one was sold they could pine and worry so much … they could run away and search for each other. The masters didn't want to lose a valuable slave, so he would set mean dogs after them and whipped [them] when they were caught. That is why Green Flake was kept away from his mother and told he was an orphan. … As a child, he grew up with other colored children about his own age and he was cared for by

different women in the Negro Quarters. … He learned early that he was a slave.[2]

In late 1841, when Green was thirteen, James and Agnes moved with their three-year-old son from North Carolina to Mississippi, taking Green and their other slaves with them. Shortly after their baptism in 1844, the James Flake family made the decision to leave Mississippi and migrate with other Saints to Nauvoo, Illinois. Green was now sixteen and was tall and muscular, weighing nearly two hundred pounds. The Church accepted Green's labor as part of the Flake family tithing.

Three years later, Green was chosen as one of three "colored servants" (Oscar Cosby and Hark Lay were the others) in the vanguard Latter-day Saint pioneer company of one hundred forty-three men, three women, and two children who made the journey from Winter Quarters, Nebraska, to Utah in the spring and early summer of 1847. Before the trek began on April 17, Brigham Young assigned Flake to the fourteen-member advance party. Flake was also Young's personal driver on the journey. When Young became ill in early July, Orson Pratt was assigned to lead the advance party and mark the trail to the Salt Lake Valley. On July 22 Green was with Pratt in the first wagon that entered the Valley.

Upon settling in Utah Territory, Green built a log cabin in what is now the Cottonwood area and planted crops in anticipation of his owner's arrival. When James and Agnes Flake arrived in 1848, Green Flake greeted them. Around 1850, Green married Martha Crosby, who was also a slave of Latter-day Saint pioneers and the half-sister of Hark Lay. Both Green Flake and Martha worked for the Crosby family until Martha's master decided they had paid "a fair price for a colored girl."[3] When the widowed Agnes Flake moved to San Bernardino, California, in 1854, Green Flake remained behind.

Later that same year, Brigham Young received a letter from Amasa Lyman, speaking for Widow Flake, who had found only poverty following her move to California. Lyman wrote:

> Sister Agnes Flake wishes me to inquire of you if there is any chance for her to receive any help by way of the negro man she left when she came here. She has a family on her hands for which to provide. Her health is also very delicate … . Thomas I. Williams told me if he could, he would purchase the negro and pay for him. A word from you on this subject would be received a favor.[4]

THE VANGUARD WAGON TRAIN depicted on the north side of This Is The Place Monument represents the main group that entered Salt Lake Valley on July 22. Willard Richards (on the second horse) led this train of sixty wagons into the Valley. See "Special Issue: This Is The Place Heritage Park," *Pioneer*, 68.2,3 (2021).

Brigham Young obliquely replied that he didn't know where Green Flake was. In fact, Young had given the former slave several acres of land in the Cottonwood area. Members of the Black side of the Flake family claim that soon after receiving Lyman's message, Brigham Young emancipated their ancestor.[5] That seems a reasonable claim: the entire Green Flake family were listed as free residents of Union County, Utah Territory, in the 1860 Census. Green and Martha's first child, Abraham, was born in late 1854; their daughter, Lucinda, was born two years later.

When Martha Crosby Flake died in 1885, Green moved to Grays Lake, Idaho Territory, to be close to his children and grandchildren. By the 1890s, he had achieved a certain fame as a vanguard Latter-day Saint pioneer. Flake spoke at Pioneer Day celebrations in 1894 and 1896, and in 1897, at the Utah Semi-Centennial Pioneer Jubilee, he was presented a Jubilee pin. At the 1896 celebration, Green spoke about the pioneer trek to Utah, and then asked if there were any questions. A young woman shouted, "Mr. Flake, what was it like to be a slave?" Bishop Simmons of Flake's Idaho ward stood and stated, "You don't have to answer that question, Brother Flake." But Green chose to do so:

> Being a slave is all right—if you just want to be a slave, that is. But many of the colored folks wanted a better life, if they could find one. … I was raised a slave and had a master. … He gave me a place to sleep, fed and clothed me, worked me, and told me what to do each day. Sometimes I got whipped, and my master would give me a big kick in the pants if I sluffed off or made a mistake or if I was lazy … . Slavery has been around a long time, and the colored folks got sold like they was a horse, a cow, or some other animal. They become the owner's property, and they work long and hard for the massa. Most everyone don't want to be a slave and be in bondage to another, because you can't have even your own thoughts and dreams. You can't plan for the future when all decisions get made by someone else.[6]

Though Green had been called "saucy" as a young man (an insult for a slave who was expected to be meek and servile), his generosity and energy were clear by the time he reached full manhood. Oz Call, who had been assigned to see to the needs of the Black Saints in Idaho, identified Flake as "the best damned missionary we have."[7] Even more telling is Flake's reaction to the news that his master, James Madison Flake, had died as a result of being kicked by his mule. When asked if perhaps his master had been punished by the mule's kicks because he had kicked Green so often, Green replied, "I would hate to think so. Let it pass. No good can come of it. Let it pass!"[8] One of the most honest tributes to Flake comes from Lucy May Brady Green, who knew him in her youth:

> He was educated enough so that he was never doing anything wrong. He was very good to the children, and all children liked him. He was also willing to help if needed … . I think most everybody liked him. I don't think he had an enemy. … He used to come to Dad's home once in a while. If Dad needed help, he helped Dad—[as a friend,] not as a hired man.[9]

Green Flake died in Gray's Lake, Idaho, on October 20, 1903, aged seventy-five. He is buried next to his wife in Union Cemetery in Salt Lake City. His self-chosen epitaph is engraved on his tombstone: "In my father's house are many mansions."

Margaret Blair Young is a prominent scholar of Black culture and history, particularly the history of Black Latter-day Saints. The present article combines two previously published texts, "Green Flake, 1828–1903," BlackPast *(2007), and "Green Flake: Who Can Tell His Story?"* Patheos *(2012), both online, and is published in* Pioneer *with Margaret Blair Young's permission. She notes, "Some historians have questioned John Fretwell's stories about Mr. Flake. As far as I know, these historians did not interview John Fretwell. I had two long interviews with him prior to his death, and I trust the stories which John Fretwell told me, particularly about Green Flake."*

1 For example, Brigham Young's important talk to the legislature in 1852 is titled "An Act in Relation to Service"—though it mentions slavery outright.

2 John Fretwell interview of Bertha Udell [granddaughter of Green Flake, born to Lucinda Flake and George Washington Steves], "Miscellaneous Family Papers," 1.

3 Ronald G. Coleman, "History of Blacks in Utah," MA thesis, U of Utah (2008), 39.

4 For a photocopy image of Lyman's original message, see Margaret Blair Young, "Green Flake: Who Can Tell His Story?" *Patheos* (23 Sep 2012), online.

5 There is at least one exception: Lucile Perkins Bankhead, a great-granddaughter of Green Flake, says in her oral history (recorded for BYU's Charles Redd Center by Alan Cherry) that Green never was freed.

6 Author interview with John Fretwell, grandson of Bp. Simmons, whose daughter made careful notes during Flake's speech; also, John Fretwell interview of Bertha Udell, "Miscellaneous Family Papers," 9.

7 John Fretwell, interview of Bertha Udell, "Miscellaneous Family Papers," 11.

8 Ibid.

9 Quoted in Steven Madsen, *A Union, Utah, History* (1981), 51.

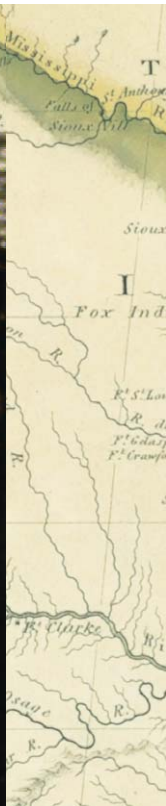
MONUMENT HONORING GREEN FLAKE AND OTHER BLACK PIONEERS AT THIS IS THE PLACE HERITAGE PARK (SEE PAGE 72, THIS ISSUE)

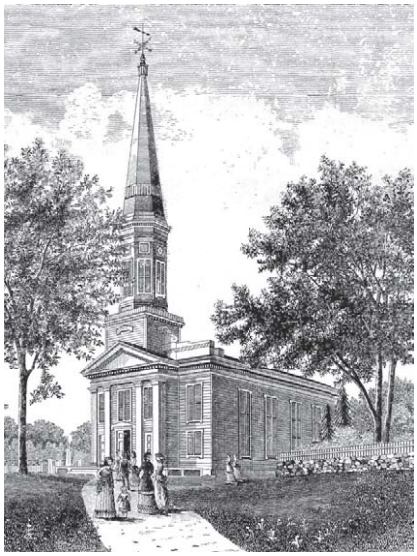
Jane Elizabeth Manning James

BY SUSAN EASTON BLACK

Jane Elizabeth Manning was born in the early 1820s in Wilton, Connecticut, to Isaac and Philes (or Phyllis) Manning. Jane's mother had been raised a slave, but under Connecticut's emancipation laws was a free woman when Jane was born. Little is known of Jane's father, except that he came from Newtown, Connecticut. Jane did not spend her childhood in the loving embrace of mother or father. She said,

> When a child of only six years old, I left my home and went to live with a family of white people; their names were Joseph and Hannah Fitch of New Canaan, Connecticut. They were aged people and quite wealthy. I was raised by their daughter. When about fourteen years old, I joined the Presbyterian Church, the New Canaan Congregation Church that Hannah Fitch attended.[1]





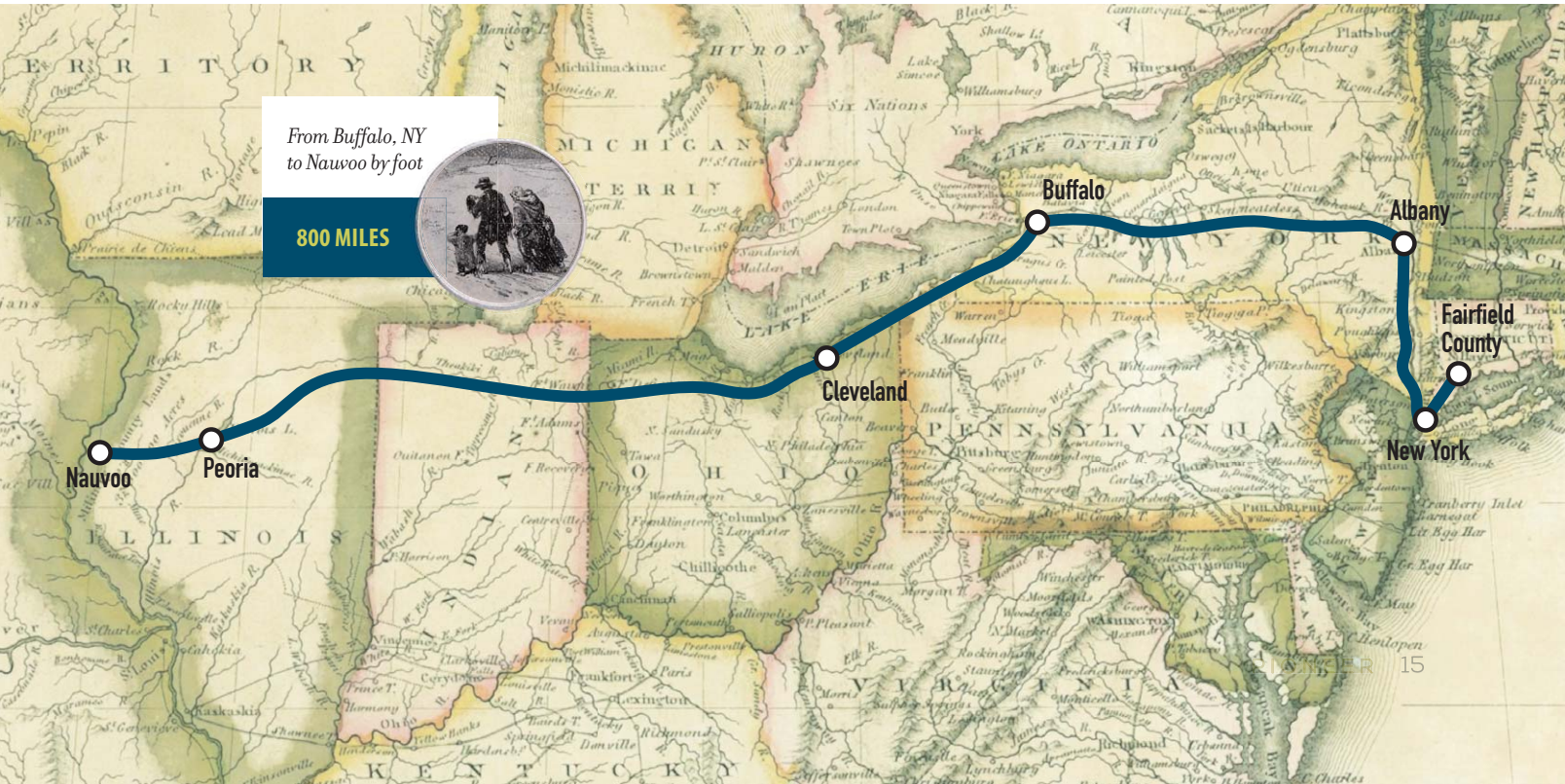
Of attending worship services in the Presbyterian Church, Jane said,

> I did not feel satisfied; it seemed to me there was something more that I was looking for. I had belonged to the [Presbyterian] Church about eighteen months when Elder Charles Wesley Wandell of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was traveling through our country … . The pastor of the Presbyterian Church forbid me going to hear them—as he had heard I had expressed a desire to hear them—but nevertheless, I went on a Sunday and was fully convinced that it was the true gospel he presented and I must embrace it.[2]

Jane was baptized and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In October 1842, under the leadership of Elder Wandell and in the company of other Latter-day Saint converts from southwestern Connecticut, Jane and eight extended family members began their journey to Nauvoo. One of those accompanying her was her son Sylvester, rumored to be the son of a white French Canadian preacher never identified by Jane.

From Fairfield County, Connecticut, the group traveled to New York City and then up the Hudson River. When they reached Albany, they turned west to Buffalo. In Buffalo, canal fares were demanded of those proceeding to Ohio. Unable to pay for the tickets, Jane and her family determined to walk the remaining eight hundred miles to Nauvoo. Of that final leg of their journey, Jane later wrote,

> We walked until our shoes were worn out, and our feet became sore and cracked open and bled until you could see the whole print of our feet with blood on the ground. We stopped and united in prayer to the Lord; we asked God the Eternal Father to heal our feet. Our prayers were answered and our feet were healed forthwith.[3]



When the weary travelers reached Peoria, Illinois, Jane recalled,

> Authorities threatened to put us in jail [unless we showed] our free papers. We didn't know at first what he meant, for we had never been slaves, but he concluded to let us go, so we traveled on until we came to a river and as there was no bridge, we walked right into the stream. When we got to the middle, the water was up to our necks, but we got safely across.[4]

Other frightening experiences soon followed—

> It became so dark we could hardly see our hands before us, but we could see a light in the distance, so we went toward it and found it was an old log cabin. Here we spent the night. [The] next day we walked for a considerable distance and stayed that night in a forest, out in the open air. The frost fell on us so heavy that it was like a light fall of snow. We rose early and started on our way, walking through that frost with our bare feet, until the sun rose and melted it away. [Yet] we went on our way rejoicing, singing hymns, and thanking God for his infinite goodness and mercy to us in blessing us as He had, protecting us from all harm, answering our prayers.[5]

When the travelers reached the City of the Saints, Orson Spencer, an elder who had served a mission in New Haven, Connecticut, directed Jane and her family to the Mansion House—the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Jane recalled,

> Sister Emma [Smith] was standing in the door, and she kindly said, "Come in. Come in!" Brother Joseph said to some white sisters that were present, "Sisters, I want to occupy this room this evening with some brothers and sisters that have just arrived." Brother Joseph placed the chairs around the room. Then he went and brought Sister Emma and Dr. [John Milton] Bernhisel and introduced them to us.
>
> Brother Joseph took a chair and sat down by me and said, "You have been the head of this

LEFT: *TILL WE MEET AGAIN (JANE ELIZABETH MANNING)*, BY ELSPETH C. YOUNG

little band, haven't you?" I answered, "Yes, sir!'" He said, "God bless you! Now I would like you to relate your experience in your travels."[6]

Jane related in vivid detail their journey from Connecticut to Illinois. At the conclusion of her words, she later wrote,

> Joseph slapped Dr. Bernhisel on the knee and said, "What do you think of that, doctor: isn't that faith?" The doctor said, "Well, I rather think it is. If it had been me, I fear I should have backed out and returned to my home!" Joseph then said [to me], "God bless you. You are among friends now and you will be protected."[7]

Jane and her family stayed in the Mansion House for a week. By then, all but Jane had secured places to work and live within the community. Jane had not and said,

> On the morning that my folks all left to go to work, I looked at myself clothed in the only two pieces I possessed; I sat down and wept. Brother Joseph came into the room as usual and said, "Good morning. Why—not crying, [are you]?" "Yes, sir," [I said]. "The folks have all gone and got themselves homes, and I have got none." He said, "Yes, you have, you have a home right here if you want it. You mustn't cry. We dry up all tears here."
>
> Brother Joseph went out and brought Sister Emma in and said, "Sister Emma, here is a girl that says she has no home. Haven't you a home for her?" "Why, yes," [Emma said,] "if she wants one." He said, "She does," and then he left us.

Emma said, "What can you do?" I said, "I can wash, iron, cook, and do housework!" Then she said, "When you are rested, you may do the washing, if you would just as soon do that." I said, "I am not tired." "Well," she said, "you may commence your work in the morning."[8]

The next morning and for months after Jane assisted Emma with household chores. Most of the chores consisted of washing and ironing clothes and cooking food for the Smith family and their guests.

In 1844 Jane moved out of the Mansion House to live with other Saints in Burlington, Iowa. It was while she was living in Burlington that the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were martyred. She later wrote of the Prophet Joseph, "He was the finest man [I] had ever known. When he was killed, I liked to die myself. I shall never forget that time of agony and sorrow."[9]

During the long months between the martyrdom and the Latter-day Saint exodus from Nauvoo, Jane resided in the home of Brigham Young. While working in the Young household, Jane married **Isaac James**, a Black member of the Church from rural Monmouth County, New Jersey. As religious persecution mounted in Nauvoo, Brigham Young advised Jane and Isaac to flee to the Territory of Iowa. Jane and Isaac, along with Jane's son Sylvester and extended family members, left Nauvoo in the spring of 1846. They crossed the Mississippi River and the Loess Hills of Iowa to reach the Missouri River.

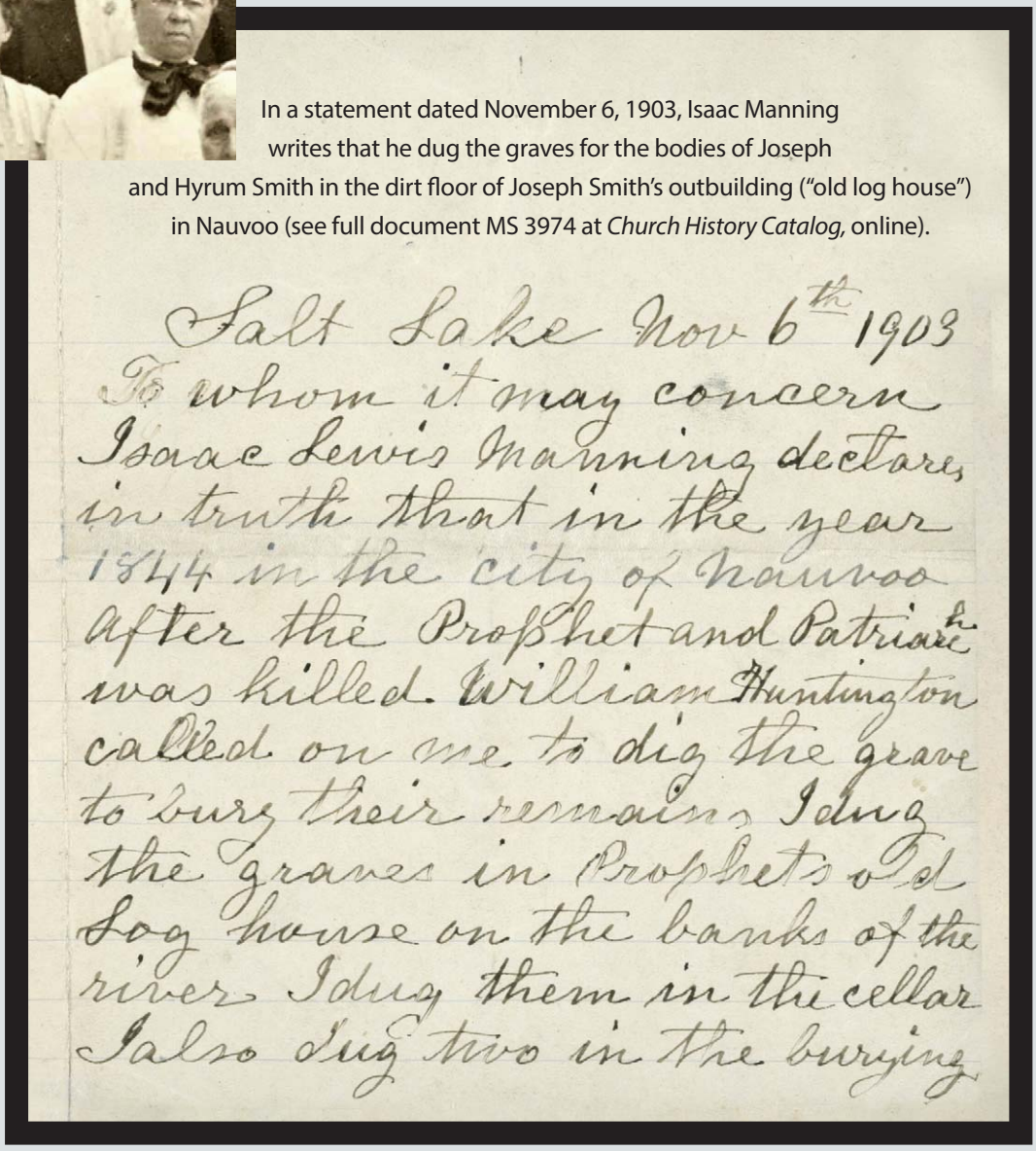
In late spring 1847, Jane and her family began their journey to the Salt Lake Valley as members of the Ira Eldredge Company; they arrived in the Valley in mid-September 1847. Of that pioneer trek Jane later wrote,

> "The Lord's blessing was with us and protected us all the way. The only thing that did occur worth relating was when our cattle stampeded. Some of them we never did find."[10]

Jane and her brother, Isaac Lewis Manning seen in 1905 photo of the 1847 Pioneers.

At the Pioneer Day celebration at Wandamere Park, Utah, on Monday, July 25, 1910, **Isaac Lewis Manning** delivered a speech wherein he shared personal pioneer memories. A reporter for the *Salt Lake Herald Republican* shared some of these in a short feature article published the next day: "No, I'm not one of the '47 pioneers, but I came to Salt Lake only a few years behind them. ... I was a cook in the prophet [Joseph Smith's] kitchen at Nauvoo, an' he used ter say I was a mighty good cook, too. I cooked the prophet's meals for most three years. ... [I] was born a freeman in Connecticut in1815."

In a statement dated November 6, 1903, Isaac Manning writes that he dug the graves for the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum Smith in the dirt floor of Joseph Smith's outbuilding ("old log house") in Nauvoo (see full document MS 3974 at *Church History Catalog,* online).



Salt Lake Nov 6th 1903

To whom it may concern

Isaac Lewis Manning declares in truth that in the year 1844 in the city of Nauvoo after the Prophet and Patriarch was killed. William Huntington called on me to dig the grave to bury their remains. I dug the graves in Prophets Old Log house on the banks of the river. I dug them in the cellar I also dug two in the burying

For over sixty years, Jane resided in the Salt Lake Valley. At first, her living conditions were difficult. "Oh how I suffered of cold and hunger, and the keenest of all was to hear my little ones crying for bread, and I had none to give them; but in all, the Lord was with us and gave us grace and faith to stand it all," she said.[11] Although lacking in necessities to sustain life, Eliza Partridge Lyman noted in her journal in April 1849 that "Jane James, the colored woman, let me have two pounds of flour, it being half of what she had."[12]

For years, Jane and Isaac were employed by Brigham Young. Jane spun cloth, made clothing, and did laundry. Isaac worked as a coachman. Through strict economy, Jane said,

> We got along splendid[ly], accumulating horses, cows, oxen, sheep, and chickens in abundance. I spun all the cloth for my family clothing for a year or two, and we were in a prosperous condition—until the grasshoppers and crickets came along, carrying destruction wherever they went, laying our crops to the ground, stripping the trees of all their leaves and fruit, bringing poverty and desolation throughout this beautiful valley.[13]

Not willing to give up, Jane and Isaac planted crops once more. Before long, Isaac had become such a successful farmer and sheep raiser it was said, "Only four households in the [Salt Lake] First Ward held more property than the Jameses."[14] But not all was well. Marital tension between Jane and Isaac led to separation and divorce in 1870.

Jane's divorce was the first in a string of losses. Her daughter Mary Ann died later that same year, and in 1871 Jane's son Silas contracted tuberculosis and died. Shortly after that, Jane married Frank Perkins, a Black widower, but the marriage ended after two years. Although heartbroken over her losses, Jane had the means to purchase a two-story frame house at 529 Second East Street in the Salt Lake Eighth Ward where she participated enthusiastically in Relief Society events and donated generously to the territorial Lamanite Mission and to the building of the St. George, Manti, and Logan Temples.

When Brigham Young announced that African American Saints could perform baptisms for the dead in the Endowment House in 1875, Jane rejoiced in opportunities to be proxy for many deceased family members. These opportunities intensified Jane's desire to receive temple ordinances, and between 1884 and 1904, she feelingly and sensitively petitioned Church leaders for permission to receive her temple endowment and be sealed to her family. In turn, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Zina D. H. Young, and Joseph F. Smith denied her requests. Decades later, temple work was completed by proxy for Jane and her family.

As Jane neared the end of her life, she wrote her final testimony of the restored gospel:

> I am now over eighty years old, and I am nearly blind, which is a great trial to me. It is the greatest trial I have ever been called upon to bear, but I hope my eyesight will be spared to me, poor as it is, that I may be able to go to meeting and to the temple to do more work for my dead. … The Lord protects me and takes good care of me in my helpless condition. I pay my tithes and offerings [and] keep the Word of Wisdom. I go to bed early and rise early. I try in my feeble way to set a good example to all.
>
> I have seen my husband and all my children but two laid away in the silent tomb. … And I want to say right here that my faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is as strong today—nay it is if possible stronger—than it was the day I was first baptized. … I live in my little home with my brother Isaac, who is good to me. We are the last two of my mother's family.[15]

Jane died in April 1908 at age eighty-five. The *Deseret News* reported her death:

> Jane Manning James, an aged colored woman familiarly known as "Aunt Jane,' passed away about noon today at her late

> residence, 529 Second East Street, after a lingering illness. … Her brother Isaac Manning, two years her junior, tenderly cared for [her] during the last fifteen years. … Few persons were more noted for faith and faithfulness than was Jane Manning James, and though of the humble of the earth, she numbered friends and acquaintances by the hundreds. Many persons will regret to learn that this kind and generous soul has passed from earth.[16]

Although a quiet disciple in many respects, Jane didn't want to be forgotten. In her late seventies she asked Elizabeth J. D. Roundy to write "a concise but true sketch" of her life to be read at her funeral.[17] Because of that five-page sketch, the remarkable story of Jane has been preserved. A monument to her was placed in the Salt Lake City Cemetery; a masterful biography of her was printed by Oxford University Press; *Jane and Emma*, a successful feature film celebrating her life, was shown in theaters throughout the Intermountain West; and a statue of her is prominently located at This is the Place Heritage Park. Each time her story is shared or remembered, a light shines on a remarkable Black woman whose faith, sacrifice, and unrelenting determination inspire and bless all Latter-day Saints.

Susan Easton Black is an emeritus professor of Church History and Doctrine at Brigham Young University.

1 Elizabeth J. D. Roundy, "Life History of Jane Elizabeth Manning James," manuscript transcription [ca. 1902].

2 Ibid.

3 Ibid.

4 Ibid.

5 Ibid

6 Ibid.

7 Ibid.

8 Ibid.

9 Ibid.

10 Ibid.

11 Ibid.

12 Ibid

13 Ibid

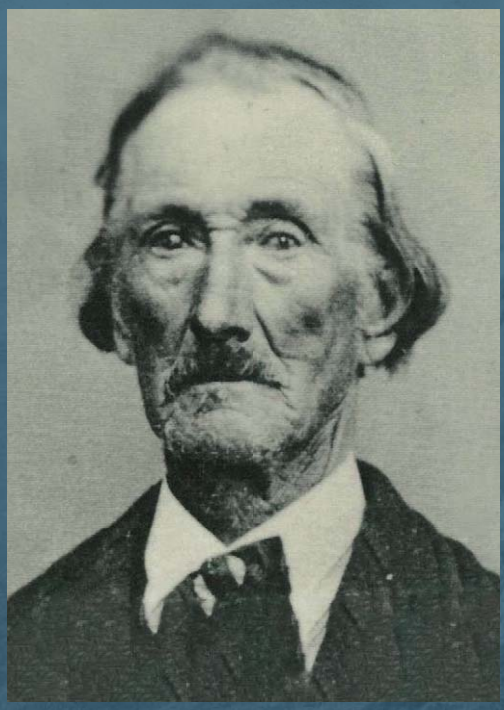
14 Linda King Newell and Valeen Tippets Avery, "Jane Manning James: Black Saint, 1847 Pioneer," *Ensign*, Aug 1979.

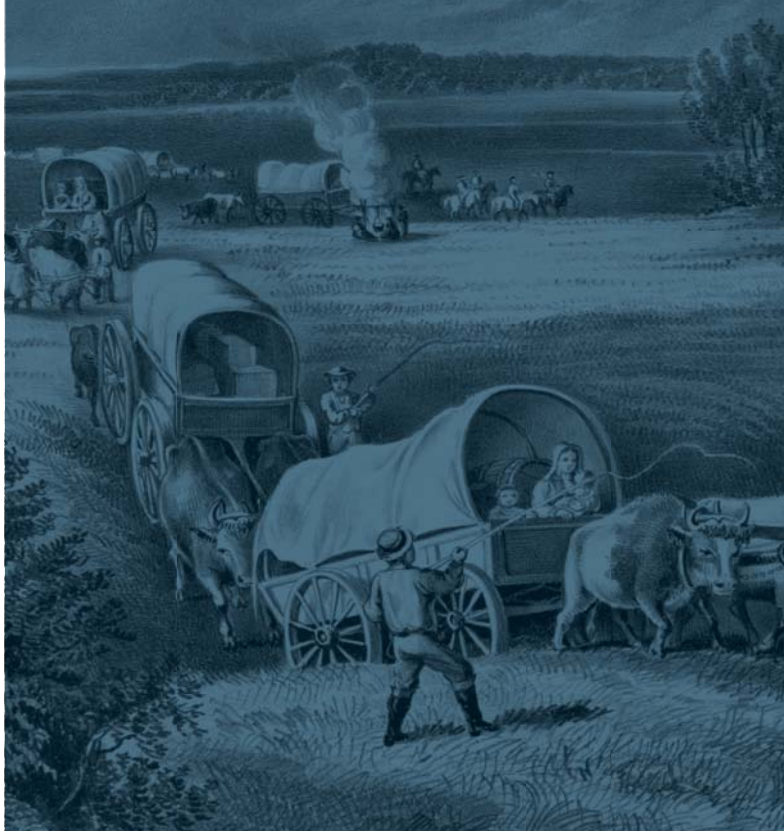
15 Roundy, "Life History."

16 *Deseret News*, Apr 16, 1908.

17 The full title of Roundy's manuscript is "Jane Manning James: Life History of Jane Elizabeth Manning James as Transcribed by Elizabeth J. D. Roundy."

Daniel Allen Jr.





BY LARON TAYLOR AND KEITH LAWRENCE

Daniel Allen Jr. was born in Whitestown, New York, on December 9, 1804. He was the sixth of ten children born to Dr. Daniel Allen Sr. and Agnes "Nancy" Stewart Allen and was raised, successively, in upstate New York; Erie County, Pennsylvania; and Montville, Ohio. Daniel Allen Sr. was one of the first licensed medical doctors in the state of New York; he apparently served as an army physician during the War of 1812.

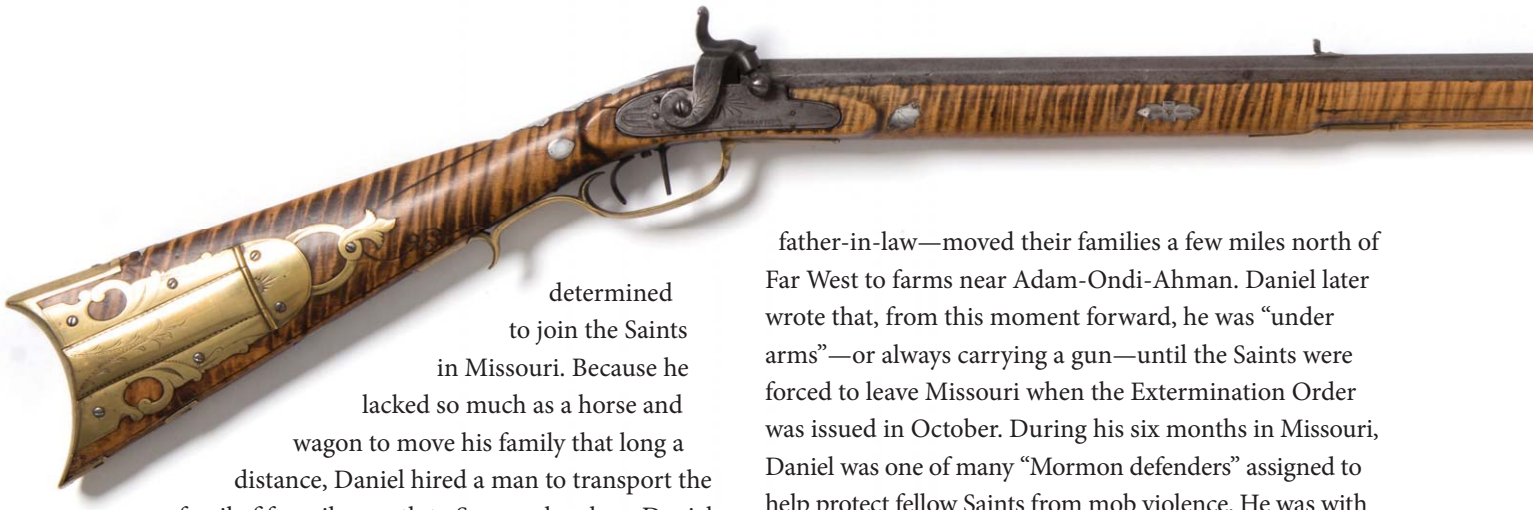
After his family moved to Ohio in 1823, Daniel Jr. (who was now eighteen) apprenticed himself to a tanner and learned the trades of tanning, leatherworking, and shoemaking. Five or six years later Daniel met and began courting Mary Ann Morris, eight years younger than himself. They were married in October 1831, a few months following Mary's eighteenth birthday. Daniel was twenty-six.[1]

Sometime during their first year of marriage, Daniel and Mary Ann were told by Daniel's younger brother, Joseph Stewart Allen, about the restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Joseph had met Latter-day Saint missionaries several weeks earlier and was preparing for baptism. (Joseph would become a member of Zion's Camp in the early spring of 1834 and eventually would help settle several places in the Rocky Mountains, including Manti, Santaquin, and Moroni in Utah and the "Muddy" in Nevada; Daniel was called to settle alongside him in Manti.) Daniel and Mary Ann soon began investigating The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for themselves and were baptized in June 1834 by Elder Joel Hills Johnson. At least two of Daniel and Joseph's siblings also joined the Church of Jesus Christ: their older sister Rachel, who died at Winter Quarters in 1847 and is buried in Pioneer Cemetery there, and their younger sister Caroline.[2]

Almost immediately after their baptisms, Daniel and Mary Ann made plans to answer the Prophet Joseph's call to gather in Kirtland, Ohio. Daniel sold his forty-acre farm in Huntsburg, Ohio, for $600 and donated the money to the Church to purchase land in Missouri. He and Mary then moved to Kirtland in the spring of 1836 with their two sons, Leroy, who was three, and Alma, who was about four months old. Daniel purchased two city lots, building a "good frame house" on one and a shoe shop on the other.

When the doctrine of baptism for the dead was revealed to the Kirtland Saints, Daniel joined others in entering the Mississippi River and receiving proxy baptisms for many of his deceased ancestors. While their months in Kirtland were a time of joy for Mary Ann and Daniel, bringing the birth of their third child, Mary, they were also a time of anxiety. Persecution of Church members grew in intensity until the lives of many Kirtland Saints were in jeopardy. In mid-1837 mobs drove Daniel and his family from their home, giving them no chance to gather their belongings, and the family abandoned $2,000 in property, not including money they had invested in the Kirtland Safety Society. Never embittered because of their losses, Daniel and Mary Ann were

Kirtland Safety Society Bank Note, on display at the Church History Museum exhibit *The Heavens Are Opened*



determined to join the Saints in Missouri. Because he lacked so much as a horse and wagon to move his family that long a distance, Daniel hired a man to transport the family fifty miles south to Savannah, where Daniel helped construct a canal for fifty cents per day.[3] By early the following spring, he had saved enough to purchase an old wagon and a pair of aging mares. Fellow traverlers told him it was impossible to make the trip to Missouri with a ramshackle wagon and worn-out mares, but he used his priesthood authority to bless the wagon and mares and made the journey without incident.[4]

He settled on Log Creek near his brother Joseph in the mid-spring of 1838. That summer, both he and Joseph—in company with Isaac Morley, who was Joseph's father-in-law—moved their families a few miles north of Far West to farms near Adam-Ondi-Ahman. Daniel later wrote that, from this moment forward, he was "under arms"—or always carrying a gun—until the Saints were forced to leave Missouri when the Extermination Order was issued in October. During his six months in Missouri, Daniel was one of many "Mormon defenders" assigned to help protect fellow Saints from mob violence. He was with David W. Patten's group of about one hundred that took a cannon from a mob of four hundred men. He also was with the Seymour Brunson group that was surrounded by Samuel Bogart's company at Log Creek about five miles south of Far West. On this occasion Bogart's men were not successful in capturing Brunson's, and Brunson's group "gave them the slip." Daniel later wrote, "We took [to] the timber and they took the prairie, and we beat them to Far West."[5]

Daniel and his wife and three children left Far West in early February 1839 (two days after Daniel received

Far West Temple Site
George Edward Anderson
Photograph, 1907

Far West:
A New Gathering Place

Settlements in Caldwell County, primarily Far West, grew quickly as the Saints in Missouri were joined by those fleeing from persecution in Kirtland, Ohio. The two centers of Zion were united in a new place of gathering.

Rifle owned by David W. Patten. Apostle David W. Patten carried this percussion rifle during the Battle of Crooked River; on display at the Church History Museum exhibit *The Heavens Are Opened*

Adam-ondi-Ahman: Increasing Tension

As the number of Mormons in Missouri increased, new Mormon settlements spread outside of Caldwell County. Joseph Smith identified one of these settlements, Adam-ondi-Ahman, as the place where Adam and Eve had lived after fleeing from the Garden of Eden. He also taught that Adam would return there before Christ's Second Coming.

his patriarchal blessing from Joseph Smith Sr.)[6] and in a small company that included the families of his brother Joseph and Isaac Morley. They journeyed twenty-one days to Quincy, Illinois, then went on to Lima, where they stayed for a year to farm and earn money. Daniel and Mary Ann's fourth child—daughter Diantha—was born in December.[7]

On April 1, 1840, Daniel's family moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. This had been their dream for the past year, and in Nauvoo they built a home and established another shoe store. Daniel also provided labor to build the Nauvoo Temple, completed several short proselyting missions for the Church, and participated in the School of the Prophets, where he and others were taught by Joseph Smith.[8] This was a foundational experience for him, one he treasured for the rest of his life. In July 1842 Daniel and Mary Ann's fifth child, Eliza Ann, was born—and the next months were among the happiest in the couple's life together. In November, however, their oldest child, Leroy, contracted diphtheria and died, an event that devastated the couple.

Late the following year, generalized persecution of the Saints again arose—this time originating with disaffected Church members. When the lives of Joseph Smith and other Church leaders were threatened, Daniel joined the Carthage Greys, a group of ninety men who pledged to guard the lives of the Prophet and his associates with their own.

Because of this pledge, however, Daniel soon found that his own life was in danger, especially following the imprisonment of Joseph and Hyrum at Carthage Jail in late June 1844. One evening between June 23 and June 26, after having stood guard outside the jail the previous night, he told Mary that he had an uncomfortable premonition that mobsters would be coming to kill him. After tucking Alma, Mary, and Diantha into bed that evening and kissing each goodnight, he noticed his wife's large, lacy nightcap on the dresser. It seemed an answer to prayer. Mary Ann helped him tie it on, and he got into bed wearing a dressing gown and holding two-year-old Eliza Ann tightly to him. Shortly, there was a knock at the door, and the handful of mobsters outside demanded to see Daniel. Mary Ann stated that he wasn't there and invited them in to inspect the house. They went through its darkened rooms, candles in hand, and left muttering derisively about there being nothing in the house but an ugly old woman in bed with a baby. Inspiration had prompted judicious precautions, and a simple nightcap had saved Daniel's life.[9]

Shortly after the birth of Mary Ann's sixth child, Daniel Allen III, in late February 1846, Brigham Young called Daniel to join Nelson Higgins and Samuel Shepherd on a difficult mission. The three men were entrusted with the delicate responsibility of returning to the Bear Creek area of Hancock County, Illinois, and

of selling all properties the Saints had previously abandoned but that technically still belonged to them. Daniel and his companions were loath to leave their suffering families, but they accepted the call and tried to muster courage and faith. They worked diligently, courteously, and openly over the next four weeks, returning to Nauvoo having enjoyed greater success than they had initially dared imagine.

But a largely abandoned city awaited them, and Brigham and most of the Saints had already left. Although buildings were being looted and burned, Daniel found his home undisturbed and warm and his family safe. Mary Ann was still weak following childbirth, and Daniel pled with mobsters to be allowed to stay a week or so longer so his wife could recover, but was told his family would die if they were not gone by the following day, April 1. Mary Ann insisted she was well enough to travel, so Daniel made a bed for her and the baby in the bed of the wagon. When the Allens exited the city the following morning with two other wagons, they were among the very last Latter-day Saints to leave Nauvoo.[10]

The Allens had to travel slowly because the jouncing of the wagon was painful to Mary Ann. Nevertheless, they traveled reasonably well until they reached the head of Soap Creek, about eighty miles west of Nauvoo. Weakened further by cold and exposure, Mary Ann knew she would soon die, and she whispered these final words to her husband: "We'll meet again, dear love, in a better world and I shall wait your coming."[11] Daniel wanted to return to the town they'd just passed through to buy lumber for a coffin, but there was no time. So after he dug a shallow grave, his sobbing children lined it with spring leaves and twigs before he placed Mary Ann's body in it and filled it. And the grieving family pressed on.[12]

Stopping frequently to procure warm milk from their cow for baby Daniel, the family made better progress as the weather improved. Nevertheless, the baby needed mother's milk to flourish, and his condition deteriorated. He died in late July or early August, probably at Mt. Pisgah, and was likely buried in an unmarked grave at Mt. Pisgah Cemetery.[13] It was at Mt. Pisgah that Daniel met Dr. Priddy Meeks; this is the report of their meeting from Meeks' journal:

> At Pisgah I met Daniel Allen whose wife had died on the road and left him with some little children. He was shoe making in his wagon bed to get sustenance for himself and his family. I was truly sorry for him. I turned in and helped him shoe make. I do not know how long but charged him nothing. I said to him one day, "You should get you a stepmother for your children, you cannot live this way." He replied, "I do not know who would come into such a family as I have got." Instantly an idea struck me, and said, "I know who you can get. She will make a good stepmother too and she is right here in Pisgah." "Who is it?" says he. "It is [Louisa] Berry, John Berry's sister." "Oh!" said he, "she would not have me." I asked him if he would be willing for me to tell her if she would be willing for him to come and see her on the subject. "Yes!" he said. So I went, and she said she had no objections and so he did get her for a wife and stepmother too.[14]

Mt. Pisgah

Daniel and **Louisa Jane Berry** were wed the following June. This must have been a great day for Daniel's children who very much needed a mother. The Allens moved to Kanesville in the spring of 1848 and remained there for another year to earn money for an ox team, wagon, and needed supplies for the trip to the Salt Lake Valley. Daniel and Louisa's first two of eleven children were born in Kanesville. The family left for Utah Territory the following spring with the Orson Spencer Company under Captain Samuel Gulley. While on the trail to Utah, many in the company became sick with cholera and some died; Gulley himself was among the fatalities. The Allens at last arrived in Salt Lake City in late September 1849.

Shortly after their arrival, Daniel was thrown from a mule and, he wrote, "broke my shoulder." It may have been his collarbone instead; he says he was laid up for three months recovering. The family apparently lived on Daniel's meager savings and on what family and friends could provide during their first winter in the Valley. By very early in 1850, however, Daniel had started building a 16-by-24-foot home in Big Cottonwood (present-day Murray) and was making plans to open a tannery.

In July tragedy again struck. Daniel's fourteen-year-old son Alma was apparently suffering from dysentery, and red pepper sauce was a common frontier remedy for the ailment. But Daniel allegedly grabbed instead a container marked "Red Precipitate"—a preparation of mercury similar to early twentieth-century mercurochrome and used to kill rodents or lice—and administered that to his son. Alma shortly died of mercury poisoning, and Daniel's grief was compounded by an almost overwhelming guilt. He sought some sort of benefit to others by admitting his mistake and hoping parents would learn from it to always keep poisonous substances entirely separate from medicines.[15]

By 1852 Daniel's plans to open Utah Territory's first tannery had reached fruition when he partnered with Samuel Mulliner to open Deseret Tannery in Salt Lake City. A June 1852 advertisement in the *Deseret News* requested "beef and horse hides—calf, sheep and dog skins" and promised payment of "$1.00 for large calf skins free from cuts and damages" and, "for small or damaged hides or skins," an amount "according to the worth of them."[16] The territory desperately needed domestic supplies of leather goods—boots and shoes, belts, harnesses, bridles, and saddles—and Daniel's new business was a blessing to all. They soon had more business than they themselves could support, and Church leaders took notice. Daniel would soon receive calls to establish tanneries elsewhere in the territory.

While living in Big Cottonwood, Daniel had become acquainted with the Thomas Whiteley (or Whitley) family, and Thomas' daughter Sarah was especially noticeable. A vivacious twenty-year-old with a trained singing voice, she attracted general attention. With the permission of Louisa, Daniel took **Sarah Jane Whiteley** as a plural wife at the Endowment House in July 1854.

That same year, he was called to establish a tannery in Manti. After selling out Deseret Tannery to Mulliner for $2,000 and accepting the call,[17] he began a practice he would follow from that point forward. He found a local male who wanted to learn how to tan hides and fashion leather goods from them. Then he trained the man thoroughly: in Manti, the man was Warren Snow. When Daniel was inevitably

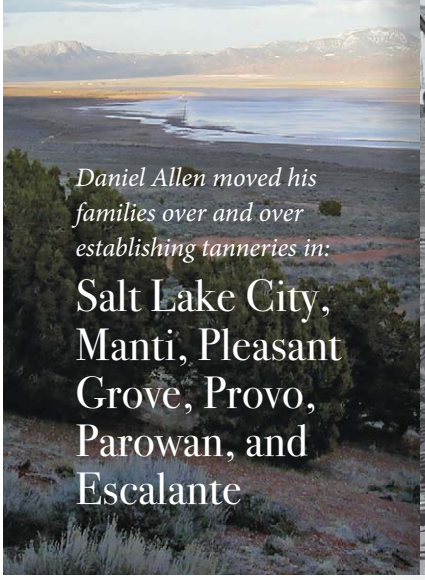
DESERET TANNERY.

WANTED—Beef and Horse Hides,—Calf, Sheep and Dog Skins. We will pay $1 50 for large hides free from cuts and damages, and $1 for large calf skins free from cuts and damages; for small or damaged hides or skins, according to the worth of them. We also want Oil from the bear, horse, wolf, dog, or from cattle feet, or we will buy the feet. Pine or Oak Bark and Sumac wanted immediately. Let us have calf skins soon, and you can wear summer boots and shoes of home manufacture. MULLINER & ALLEN,

jan10-5tf East Temple st., op. Reese's store.

ASTRONOMY.

A SERIES of Twelve Lectures will be deliver-


Daniel Allen moved his families over and over establishing tanneries in:
Salt Lake City, Manti, Pleasant Grove, Provo, Parowan, and Escalante

given other Church assignments, there was someone in place to run the business—temporarily or permanently.

In the fall of 1855, while still retaining control of his business in Manti (he would eventually sell out to Snow in early 1858), he moved his families to Pleasant Grove where he had been asked to create another tannery. Relying on the assistance of a certain S. Driggs, Daniel was pleased when the business was soon thriving. Within a month or two—again, at the request of Church leaders—Daniel had also established a tannery in nearby Provo.[18]

Daniel moved his large family to Provo in the fall of 1856, where the Allens spent nearly six years. His families with Louisa and Sarah continued to grow. Sarah's first child had been born in Manti; she would have nine more.[19] An interesting domestic arrangement between Daniel and Louisa was that they agreed not to discuss the Civil War in their home: some of Daniel's eastern family members were fighting for the Union; some of Louisa's family for the Confederacy.[20]

Then the call came in 1862 to move to St. George. Sarah and her children accompanied Daniel there while Louisa remained behind in Provo. The assignment was successful, but short-lived: the following year he was asked to set up a tannery in Parowan. Daniel brought both his families together again in Parowan: the weather was similar to that in Provo and much cooler than in St. George during the summer. Trees in the Parowan area were rich in naturally occurring tanning agents, and in 1864 Daniel partnered with William H. Dame to establish what would become an extremely successful tannery. Parowan would be the family's home for the next eighteen years.[21]

In late 1880 the family received the call to help settle Escalante, Utah, and establish a tannery there. Daniel was now seventy-six years old, but he responded promptly, taking his wives and unmarried children to the desolate settlement about one hundred miles east of Parowan. He bought two homes in Escalante and built a tannery on the river, teaching his sons the arts of tanning and leatherworking. Again, the business was desperately needed and soon prospered.[22]

Just before her fifty-eighth birthday, and following a visit to her daughter's home in Parowan, Sarah passed away in January 1892. Less than two weeks later, Daniel also passed away following a short illness. Before his death, he called his family around him, insisting that his words be remembered and recorded for those not present. He told his children that he loved them, that they must always stay close to the Church of Jesus Christ and never turn from it, that the restored gospel was the source of all true happiness. Then, with arms extended, he rose up slightly in bed and said, "Wait for me, Sarah. We'll go in together."[23] These were his last words, underscoring his lifelong devotion to his family and his Savior.

1 Ila Lowe Bauer, "Daniel Allen Jr.," typescript PDF, privately printed, n.d., Daughters of Utah Pioneers Library, digital copy at "Daniel Allen Jr.," Memories, *FamilySearch.org,* online. Ila Bauer was Daniel Allen's great-granddaughter.

2 Rachel's first husband was Albert Putnam who died following the birth of their fifth child, Nancy Jane. Rachel shortly married Stephen Kelsey, a widower with eight children of his own; only four of them were living with him at the time of his second marriage. Indeed, his second-eldest son, Ira, would marry Rachel's

sister Caroline in 1832; they would be baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ later that decade and would join other family members in Nauvoo, but would eventually remain in the Midwest rather than traveling to Utah Territory. At least one of the children from Rachel's first marriage, Nancy Jane, would accompany Rachel to Iowa as the Saints began traveling westward; Stephen and their six children also accompanied her. But following her death, Stephen—who was sixty-five and not a Latter-day Saint himself—likely hesitated to risk his health by crossing the plains. His and Rachel's five daughters elected to remain in the Midwest; their son, Stephen Kelsey Jr., would travel to Utah with the original 1847 Brigham Young Company and would become a prominent Latter-day Saint colonizer of northern Utah and southern Idaho. Nancy Jane Putnam would become Joseph Allen's second wife in Nauvoo in February 1846; their only child, James, was born at Winter Quarters in 1847 and lived only briefly. After losing her mother and son within weeks of one another, Nancy was overcome with grief and suffered physical and severe mental distress for the rest of her short life. She died at the age of twenty-seven in Manti, Utah.

3 Ramona Anderson Chamberlain, "The Stewart Story," typescript PDF, privately published, n.d., *FamilySearch.org,* online, 4.

4 Bauer, "Daniel Allen Jr." online.

5 B. H. Roberts, "The Missouri Persecutions," *Mormon Literature Database, MLDB.byu.edu,* ed. Gideon Burton, online; quotations from Daniel Allen, "Daniel Allen His Book," PDF file, *FamilySearch.org,* online.

6 Daniel Allen patriarchal blessing, copy from Nauvoo Records Office.

7 Daniel Allen, "His Book," online.

8 Edward Wilcock, "Death of a Faithful Veteran," typescript PDF, *YouSeeMore.com,* online; Kenneth R. Allen, "Daniel Allen, Pioneer Tanner," *Genealogical Journal,* 31.1 (2003), rev. 2004, PDF file, online; Bauer, online. Kenneth Allen is Daniel Allen's great-great-grandson.

9 Ila L. Bauer, "It Shall Be Your Shield", typescript PDF, *FamilySearch.org,* online; Wilcock, online; Kenneth Allen, online.

10 Bauer, "Daniel Allen Jr.," online.

11 Daniel Allen, "His Book," online.

12 Kenneth Allen 19–20; Daniel Allen, "His Book," online.

13 Bauer, "Daniel Allen, Jr." 10; Kenneth Allen 20–1.

14 Priddy Meeks, "Journal of Priddy Meeks," Family History Library microfilm 485,337 / item 3, quoted in Kenneth Allen 21.

15 [Untitled death announcement for "a son of Daniel Allen"], *Deseret News* (20 Jul 1850): 46; available at "Alma Allen," Memories, *FamilySearch.com,* online.

16 "Wanted!" advertisement, *Deseret News* 2.13 (1 May 1852): 52, *Digital Collections, Deseret News,* HBLL, Brigham Young University, online.

17 Kenneth Allen 27; Wilcock, online.

18 Ibid.

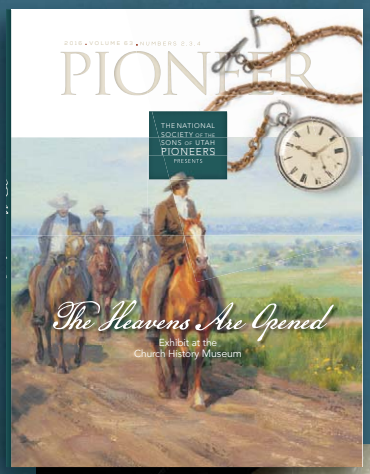
19 Sarah's daughter Harriet Amelia "Hattie" (born in late November 1857) and Louisa's daughter Thurza Armelia "Millie" (born in early January 1858) always considered themselves twin sisters. On 2 Jan 1860 both women gave birth to a son—"step-twins"—Louisa to Daniel James and Sarah to David Albert (Kenneth Allen 27–9).

20 Kenneth Allen 29; Wilcock, online.

21 Kenneth Allen 31.

22 Kenneth Allen 34; Wilcock, online.

23 Bauer, "Daniel Allen Jr.," online; Wilcock, online; Kenneth Allen 35–6.


PIONEER
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF UTAH PIONEERS PRESENTS
The Heavens Are Opened
Exhibit at the Church History Museum

To see more historical artifacts from the early history of the Church, visit the Church History Museum exhibit *The Heavens Are Opened.*

Pioneer, 63.2,3,4 (2016) is a special edition 230-page compilation of *The Heavens Are Opened* exhibit available for purchase at the SUP office.

DEPARTED FROM ENGLAND APRIL 1856

SHIP: SAMUEL CURLING, *From England to Boston, MA*

5 WEEKS

Thomas David and Priscilla Merriman Evans

Many Saints travelled to Zion using multiple means of transportation, including railroad. Though the train did not come all the way to Utah until the 1869 completion of the transcontinental railroad, Latter-day Saint converts used rail lines in other parts of the country. Two such travelers were Thomas and Priscilla Merriman Evans from Wales.

Two weeks after their marriage in April 1856, Thomas and Priscilla sailed for America with 705 other Latter-day Saints aboard the ship *Samuel Curling.* While Thomas did not get seasick, the five-week voyage was miserable for Priscilla and many of their fellow travelers, who were "sick all the way."[1] They landed at Boston on May 25.

Thomas and Priscilla traveled the next leg of their journey, from Boston to Iowa City, by train. But traveling by train in the mid-nineteenth century was often not pleasant. Priscilla wrote of traveling "in cattle cars."[2] Another traveler recounted, "The cars were so crude and the railroad so rough we were all tired out when we arrived in Iowa City."[3]

Perhaps relieved to have the sea voyage and train journey behind them, Thomas and Priscilla waited in Iowa City for three weeks while a handcart company was assembled. The prospect of the 1,200-mile handcart trek must have seemed especially daunting

MAP 2

MAP 3

Learn more about the historic Mormon Trail, modes of transportation, and points of interest along the way at *Interactive Map: Mormon Handcart Trail - Church History,* online

to Thomas, who had lost his leg at age nine, when the wheels of a train crushed his leg just below the knee. He wore a wooden leg from that time on.

However, when Thomas wrote of the four-month handcart journey, he did not mention the difficulties associated with walking on a wooden leg. He said simply, "When the handcarts were ready we started our three-hundred-mile walk to Winter Quarters on the Missouri River. As we traveled through the places, many made fun of us for walking and pulling our carts, but we had fine weather and good roads and felt happy in being thus far on our journey to the Valley."[4]

Though Thomas did not make mention of his wooden leg, his wife Priscilla did. She recorded, "My husband had lost a leg in his early childhood and walked on a wooden stump, which caused him a great deal of pain and discomfort. When his knee, which rested on a pad, became very sore, my husband was not able to walk any farther and I could not pull him in the little cart, being so sick myself. [O]ne late afternoon he felt he could not go on so he stopped to rest beside some tall sagebrush. I pleaded with him to try to walk farther, that if he stayed there he would die, and I could not go on without him. The company did not miss us until they rested for the night and when the names were checked we were not among the company and a rider on a horse came back looking for us. When [we arrived back in camp and others] saw the pitiful condition of my husband's knee he was assigned to the commissary wagon and helped dispense the food for the rest of the journey."[5]

Thomas and Priscilla were in the Edward Bunker Company, which arrived in Salt Lake City on October 2, 1856. Thomas wore the wooden leg for the rest of his life, replacing the peg portion many times. He later returned to Wales on two Church missions. Thomas displayed great courage, ignoring physical pain in his pursuit of Zion.

Even though our manner of gathering as a Church body has changed, Gordon B. Hinckley once explained, "The days of pioneering in the Church are still with us; they did not end with covered wagons and handcarts. ... [The pioneers] marked the path and led the way. Ours is the obligation to enlarge and broaden and strengthen that path until it encompasses the whole earth."[6]

1 "Journal of Thomas D. Evans," *Thomas David Evans,* Memories, *FamilySearch.org,* online; "Priscilla Merriman Evans Autobiography," typescript, n.d., 38.

2 "Priscilla Merriman Evans Autobiography," 39.

3 "George Harrison Autobiography," Kate B. Carter, *Treasures of Pioneer History,* 20 vols. (1958–1977), 2:106–7.

4 "Journal of Thomas D. Evans," online.

5 LeRoy R. Hafen and Ann W. Hafen, *Handcarts to Zion: The Story of a Unique Western Migration* (1960), 85.

6 *Teachings of Presidents of the Church: Gordon B. Hinckley* (2016), 90–1.

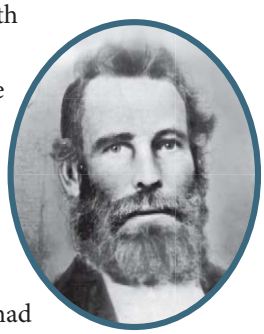
DEPARTED FROM INDIA OCTOBER 1855

From India to England — 4 MONTHS — *From England to Boston, MA* — 2 ½ MONTHS

Elizabeth Xavier Tait

Convert from India and Survivor of the Willie Handcart Company

Elizabeth Xavier Tait was born in Mumbai (Bombay), India in 1833. As her family was part of the Indian upper class, Elizabeth was raised in luxury and comfort. Gifted with intelligence, she entered college at a very young age and graduated when she was fourteen years old. At age seventeen she fell in love with **William Tait**, who was serving in the British military, and at age nineteen she joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Parley P. Pratt had baptized William a member of the Church in Scotland in 1842.



Elizabeth and William lived in India for several years, and Elizabeth had three children—two boys and a girl. Anxious to establish a home for the family in Zion, William and their oldest son, John, sailed to San Francisco in 1854, leaving Elizabeth behind in India. William and John walked overland from California to southern Utah and made a homestead there while waiting for the rest of the family to arrive.

During the year that Elizabeth remained behind in India, tragedy struck: her second son died of cholera. With only her young daughter remaining, Elizabeth was more determined than ever to be with her husband and son. Her family in India, not members of the Church, begged her to stay, remonstrating that it was foolish for her to go halfway around the world, in poverty, when they could provide amply for her and her daughter. Notwithstanding their insistence, Elizabeth booked passage to England and then on to America. Her little daughter, Mary, barely one year old, survived the rigors of the sea journey but died of illness in Iowa.

In July 1856 Elizabeth was outfitted in Iowa to cross the plains by handcart with the Willie Handcart Company. The journey was difficult, and Elizabeth often struggled to pull her handcart. She recalled a day when the company stopped for lunch

along the hot trail. She and a female companion lay down to rest in the shade of a large sagebrush. They slept so soundly that when the company resumed their journey, the two women did not hear the others leave. When they awoke several hours later, they were horrified to learn they had been left behind.

They hurriedly followed the tracks of the handcarts in hopes of catching up. They shouted and called but heard no response. Night came and they heard wolves and coyotes howling in the dark. They were afraid but kept going, praying that Heavenly Father would send them aid. Eventually they came to a stream. Feeling sure the company had crossed there earlier, they began to call out. Eventually they heard voices from the other side of the stream. Two men from the camp had come back to search for the missing women and helped them across. Soon they reached the camp in safety, grateful for their rescue.

Early snows forced members of the Willie Company to struggle for their lives. Like others in the company, Elizabeth had earlier discarded many of her personal belongings, including clothing and jewelry, to reduce the load on her handcart and make better time. Now poorly dressed for harsh weather and with shrinking stores of provisions, many in the company suffered poor health and each day brought more deaths. Nearly banished hopes were restored when rescue companies arrived from Salt Lake City, and most fortuitously, Elizabeth's husband William was among the rescuers. The couple were overjoyed to be reunited, and Elizabeth and others traveled with William to Salt Lake, arriving on November 9. Elizabeth spent three weeks recuperating before she and William headed south to Cedar City, Utah.

Elizabeth and William spent the rest of their lives in Cedar City. Elizabeth gave birth to a total of ten children, seven of whom lived to adulthood. Today she has a posterity numbering in the hundreds. She became a widow in 1896 and for eighteen long years was again alone. She died on September 7, 1914, still firm in her faith.

Sources:

"Convert from India: Survivor of the Willie Handcart Company," *The Trail Marker, Official Newsletter of the Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers* (Aug 2022): 6.

"Elizabeth Xavier Tait: From Poona to the Pioneer Trail," *Church of Jesus Christ, Global Histories: India, Stories of Faith*, online.

Jisbell22, "Moving Forward in Faith: The Story of William and Elizabeth Xavier Tait," *Random Observations of Life, WordPress.com*, online.

DEPARTED FROM DENMARK NOVEMBER 1854

From Denmark to England

4 MONTHS

SHIP: JAMES NESMITH, *from England to New Orleans, 1855*

2 MONTHS

Maren Kjirstine Johansen

BY R. KENT PARSONS

Maren Kjirstine Johansen was born in Oudrup, Denmark, on May 7, 1849, and was the eighth of nine children. Her father Johan Larsen was a prosperous farmer; with the help of his wife Kirstine Lausten Larsen, Johan also ran a tavern and an inn.

Mary's family embraced the teachings of Latter-day Saint missionaries and converted from Lutheranism in 1853. During the year that followed, the Larsens sold their business and property and prepared to sail to the United States to join the Saints in Zion. Relatives of the Larsens were very bitter about the family's plans and tried unsuccessfully to change their minds. Mary's thirteen-year-old brother, Lars Christian, did not want to emigrate, so an uncle hid him, thinking Lars's parents would remain in Denmark if they could not find him. Johan and Johanne became desperate as the time for sailing drew near and they could not find Lars. After praying, they received assurance that the boy would be cared for by loving family and that they should adhere to their plans.

The Larsens left Denmark in late November 1854 with six of their children. Their ship became frozen in ice for a time on the shores of Norway, but

JAMES NESMITH
Ship: 991 tons: 171' x 36' x 18'
Built: 1850 at Thomaston, Maine

"On 7 January 1855 a company of 440 Scandinavian Saints—about 300 of which had survived a particularly stormy voyage from Copenhagen to England aboard the steamer Cimbria-sailed from Liverpool in the ship James Nesmith. Elder Peter O. Hansen presided over the emigrants. Captain Harvey Mills skippered the vessel. . . . The passenger manifest listed thirteen deaths during the crossing. On 23 February the square-rigger arrived at New Orleans after a forty-seven-day passage" (see Scandinavian Emigrant Ship Descriptions and Voyage Narratives 1852–1868, *online).*

The John A. Hunt Wagon Company left on August 1, 1856, from Florence and eventually joined the Hodgetts Company and the Martin Handcart Company on October 19. The three companies generally traveled together from that point through early December when the final rescue wagons finally arrived in Salt Lake.

finally arrived at Liverpool, England, on Christmas day. They left for the United States in early January 1855 aboard the *Nesmith*. According to reports, many of their goods were stolen during passage by the ship's crew. The *Nesmith* arrived at New Orleans in late February 1855, and the immigrants traveled up the Mississippi River by boat to the Missouri River, and then on to Mormon Grove, near Atchison, Kansas.

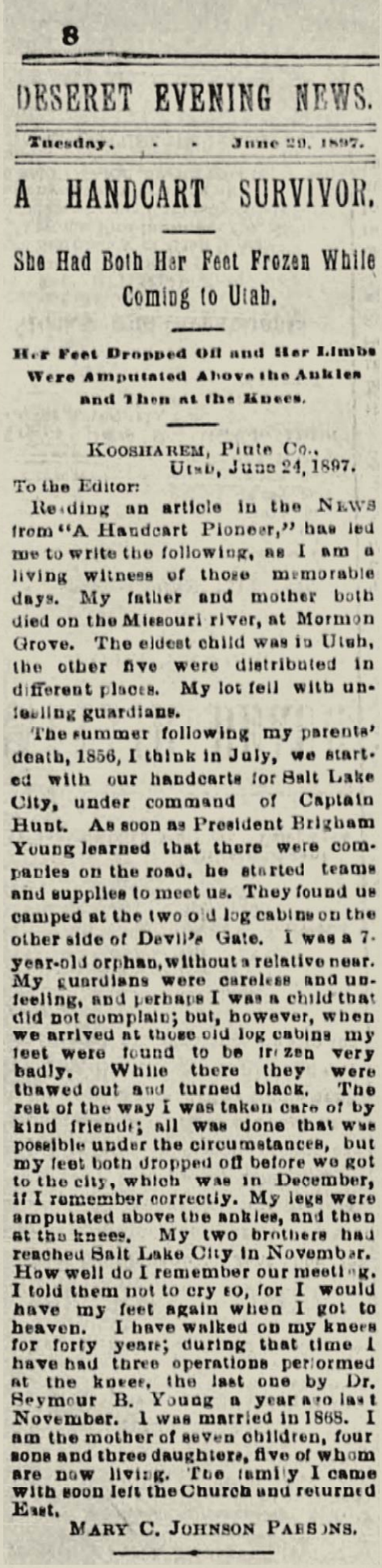
Mary's parents had given money from the sale of their properties to needy emigrants and the family now had very little. Johan began homesteading a piece of land—his family living in a dugout for shelter—and did odd jobs for a dollar a day. But this was hardly enough for the family to live on, much less to fund the journey across the plains. Then cholera struck the area in early September, taking the lives of Johan and Mary's three-year-old brother Niels. Another Danish convert, Jens C. Neilsen, helped care for the Larsen family, making a door for their dugout, building a stable for their oxen, and teaching the children to read.

Johanne also became sick with cholera and died in November. On the advice of Church leaders, most of her surviving children had already been sent West with other companies. Mary, six years old, had remained in Kansas but was now sent to Florence, Nebraska, in the care of an older English couple, John and Mary Ennion. Mary and her guardians joined with the John A. Hunt Wagon Company in Florence, Nebraska, in August of 1856, just behind the Martin Handcart Company. Many years later, Mary recounted her experience in an interview published in the *Deseret Evening News* in June 1897:

> I am a living witness of those memorable days. My father and mother both died on the Missouri River, at Mormon Grove. . . . My lot fell with unfeeling guardians. The summer following my parents' death, . . . we started with our handcarts for Salt Lake City, under command of Captain Hunt.* As soon as President Brigham Young learned that there were companies on the road, he started teams and supplies to meet us. [The winter storms grew more harsh, and] we camped at the two old log cabins on the other side of Devil's Gate.

*Although records note that the Hunt Wagon Company was comprised of "240 persons, with 50 wagons, 297 oxen and cows, and 7 horses and mules," it is possible that some company members relied on handcarts. Regardless, on October 19, 1856, the Hunt Company caught up with the Martin Handcart Company and the William B. Hodgetts Wagon Company—and from that date forward, members of the three companies camped together until rescue wagons met them and helped transport them (as intermixed groups) to Salt Lake Valley. It is only natural, then, that handcart imagery, together with elements of the handcart experience, would have left deep impressions in the heart of young Maren (Mary) Johansen, whether she or her guardians actually pulled handcarts themselves.

ABOVE: *THE NURTURER* BY JULIE ROGERS



8

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Tuesday, . . June 29, 1897.

A HANDCART SURVIVOR.

She Had Both Her Feet Frozen While Coming to Utah.

Her Feet Dropped Off and Her Limbs Were Amputated Above the Ankles and Then at the Knees.

KOOSHAREM, Piute Co.,
Utah, June 24, 1897.

To the Editor:

Reading an article in the NEWS from "A Handcart Pioneer," has led me to write the following, as I am a living witness of those memorable days. My father and mother both died on the Missouri river, at Mormon Grove. The eldest child was in Utah, the other five were distributed in different places. My lot fell with unfeeling guardians.

The summer following my parents' death, 1856, I think in July, we started with our handcarts for Salt Lake City, under command of Captain Hunt. As soon as President Brigham Young learned that there were companies on the road, he started teams and supplies to meet us. They found us camped at the two old log cabins on the other side of Devil's Gate. I was a 7-year-old orphan, without a relative near. My guardians were careless and unfeeling, and perhaps I was a child that did not complain; but, however, when we arrived at those old log cabins my feet were found to be frozen very badly. While there they were thawed out and turned black. The rest of the way I was taken care of by kind friends; all was done that was possible under the circumstances, but my feet both dropped off before we got to the city, which was in December, if I remember correctly. My legs were amputated above the ankles, and then at the knees. My two brothers had reached Salt Lake City in November. How well do I remember our meeting. I told them not to cry so, for I would have my feet again when I got to heaven. I have walked on my knees for forty years; during that time I have had three operations performed at the knees, the last one by Dr. Seymour B. Young a year ago last November. I was married in 1868. I am the mother of seven children, four sons and three daughters, five of whom are now living. The family I came with soon left the Church and returned East.

MARY C. JOHNSON PARSONS.

I was a seven-year-old orphan, without a relative near. My guardians were careless and unfeeling, and perhaps I was a child that did not complain; however, when we arrived at those old log cabins my feet were found to be frozen very badly. While we were there, my feet were thawed out and turned black.

The rest of the way [to the Valley] I was taken care of by kind friends; all was done that was possible under the circumstances, but my feet both dropped off before we got to the city, which was in December 1856, if I remember correctly. My legs were amputated above the ankles, and then at the knees.

My two brothers had reached Salt Lake City in November. How well do I remember our meeting. I told them not to cry so, for I would have my feet again when I got to heaven. I have walked on my knees for forty years; during that time I have had three operations performed at the knees. . . .

The family I came [West] with soon left the Church and returned East.

Brigham Young personally looked after Mary's welfare following her arrival in the Valley. When she was about fifteen years old, Young had a special sewing machine designed for her that she could operate without her feet. Mary learned to sew, and her customers gave her a great deal of business, paying her liberally.

When Mary was nineteen years old, she met a young Englishman by the name of Elijah Parsons. The two fell in love and were married in January 1869. Elijah was a mason/plasterer by trade; he also taught school and kept books for local merchants in Salt Lake. Some time after their marriage, they were asked to help settle the small town of Koosharem in central Utah.

Mary was said to never miss a church meeting or singing practice. She walked on her knees to her meetings, but was nearly always given a ride home.

She made "shoes" from discarded men's boots, cutting off the toe portion and sewing the opening shut, declaring that these were "perfect shoes" for the stubs of her legs. Sometimes her knees became so sore that she would bind soft gunnysacks to them for extra protection. She used a small chair—its legs cut short—as a makeshift walker, with the advantage that she could sit down on it and rest whenever she wanted.

Although Mary became proficient at shearing sheep, earning extra money for her family, Elijah was not skilled at farming and could not find use for his trade or other skills in Koosharem. He eventually returned to Salt Lake to find work and provide for his family. He returned to Koosharem after Mary's death.

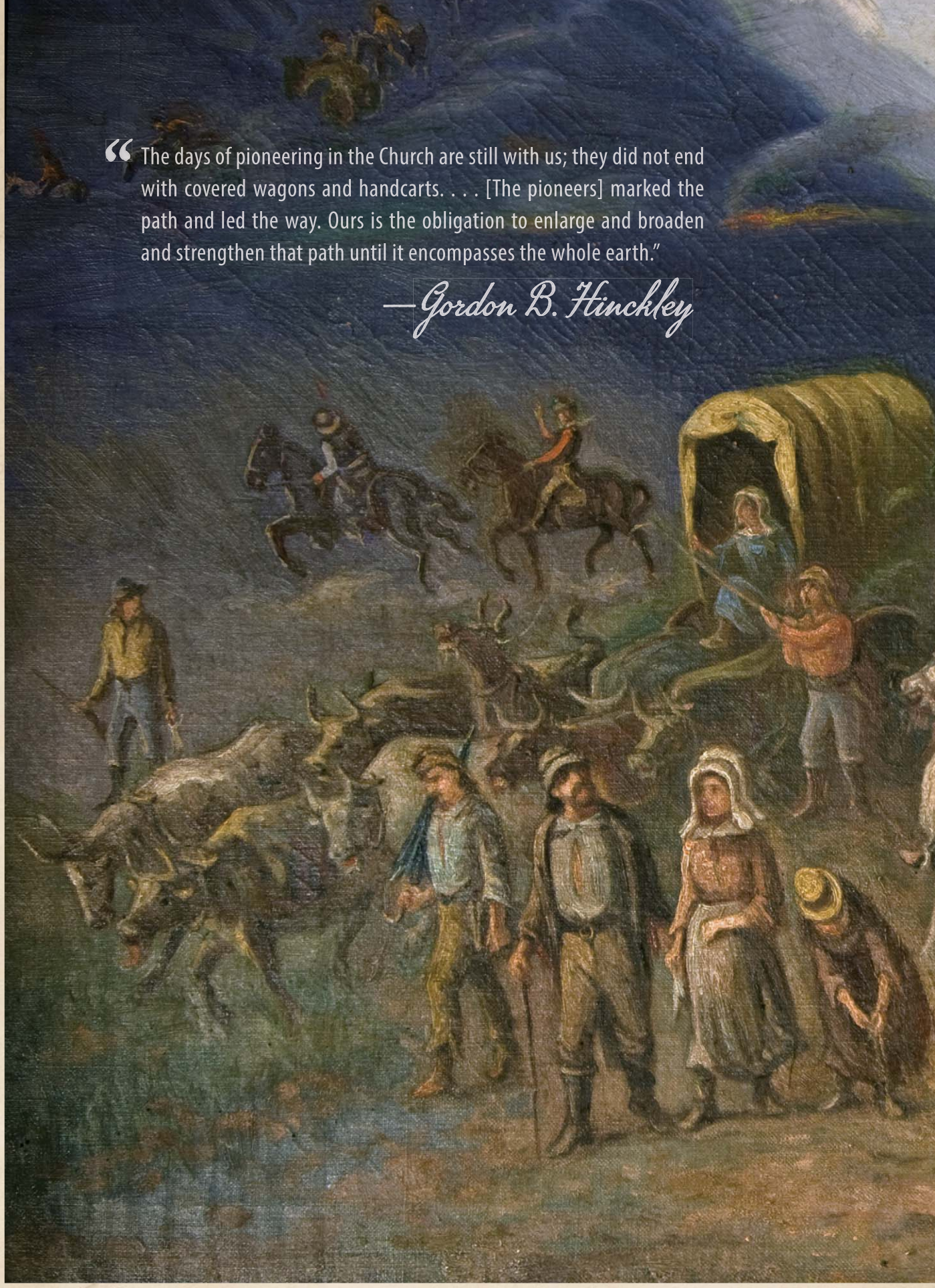
Mary's children wrote of her: "She always radiated cheerfulness and no matter how ill she was she tried to tell a humorous story. She had an encouraging word for everyone. She lived in poverty herself, but was ready to share her last crust with her neighbor. Many times she sat carding wool, spinning yam, or knitting stockings into the late hours of the night. She sold her work to help support her family. During the last years of her life she endured intense suffering [from severe asthma and from swollen limbs caused by heart failure]. … As long as she was able to be propped up in bed, she would knit stockings which she sold, desiring the money [be used] to help meet her funeral expenses."

Mary died of pneumonia at noon on November 7, 1910, in Koosharem, Utah. Years later, her son Will was in a Richfield hospital, close to death himself. He told visiting family members,

"I don't need to worry now about dying or what the future holds for me, because my mother has been here to see me. She looked as she used to, except she was taller and had her feet and legs." According to descendants, the surviving orphans of Johan and Johanne Larsen never even hinted at bitterness for their hard experiences but instead "radiated faith, cheerfulness and courage to the last days of their [lives]."

This article is an edited version of the biographical sketch, "Maren Kjirstine Johansen [Larsen]," Tell My Story, Too, ed. Jolene S. Allphin, digital ed. (2017), online, pp. 385–7.

TEARS BY JULIE ROGERS



"The days of pioneering in the Church are still with us; they did not end with covered wagons and handcarts. . . . [The pioneers] marked the path and led the way. Ours is the obligation to enlarge and broaden and strengthen that path until it encompasses the whole earth."

—Gordon B. Hinckley

ARTWORK MOST LIKELY BY DAN WEGGELAND; PART OF THE SUP COLLECTION SOLD TO LAGOON

DEPARTED FROM ENGLAND MAY 1856

SHIP: HORIZON, *From England to Boston, Massachusetts*

From Boston, Massachusetts to Florence, Nebraska

36 DAYS

1475 MILES

Robert Clifton Family

Saints of the Martin Handcart Company

BY KYLE S. ANDERSON

Robert Clifton was born in March 1805 to William and Ann Leverington Clifton in Attleborough, England, a market town about one hundred miles northeast of London. The eleventh of fifteen children and the fourth of six sons, Clifton determined as a young adult to move to London and make his own way in the world. Initially, he worked as a harness maker; eventually, through hard work and discipline, he became a man of means and established an inn. In his mid-twenties, he began courting **Mary Matilda Blanchard**, a native Londoner born in November 1811; they were married in July 1832. They had seven children: Rebecca, Robert Jr., Mary, Joseph, William, Sophia, and Ann. Of these, three—Mary, Joseph, and William—died in infancy or early childhood.[1]

In mid-1841 Robert and Mary learned that there were Latter-day Saint missionaries in London. Soon, Elder Lorenzo Snow was meeting with them in their home. Snow baptized Mary a member of the Church of Jesus Christ that November, a few short weeks after she gave birth to William. Robert was baptized the following June. Over the next fourteen years Robert served successively as president of three London branches of the Church—in Hackney, Tottenham, and Haggestone. He was released from the latter in April 1856 to emigrate to Utah.[2]

The Clifton family—Robert and Mary, with their four surviving children (Rebecca, Robert Jr., Sophia, and Ann)—boarded the ship *Horizon* to sail from England in late May 1856, joining other Saints from London and Liverpool who would eventually comprise the Martin Handcart Company. The demand from British Latter-day Saint immigrants for passage had delayed the sailing of the *Horizon* and other ships in turn. Although travel across the Atlantic to Boston went smoothly, the *Horizon* was delayed again in Boston Harbor, not docking until June 30.

RIGHT: *THE PIONEER CHILDREN'S MEMORIAL* AT THIS IS THE PLACE HERITAGE PARK, PHOTO BY DENNIS LYMAN; SEE *PIONEER*, 68.2,3 (2021).

EDWARD MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY:
From Florence, Nebraska to Utah by Handcart

900+ MILES

ARRIVED IN SALT LAKE NOVEMBER 1856

"The ship *Horizon* landed at Boston, June 30, 1856, 36 days after leaving Liverpool, England. Robert Clifton and family with the others took train cars to Albany, [New York] July 2nd. They reached Cleveland, Ohio, July 5th; Chicago, Illinois the 6th. They crossed the Mississippi by ferry boat and then took the train from Davenport for Iowa City. July 26th, the company left Iowa City with 400 men, women and children. They reached Council Bluffs, August 21. They ferried across the Missouri River and camped near Florence, Nebraska, August 22" (See Annie Ottley Maxfield, "History of My Great-Grandfather, Robert Clifton," *Robert Clifton,* "Memories," *FamilySearch.org,* online).

There were additional delays—waiting for handcarts and supplies, among other things—when the British Saints arrived in Iowa City. They were delayed again in Florence, Nebraska.[3]

The overland journey had not begun auspiciously for the family. Eldest daughter Rebecca had refused to accompany the family further than Missouri, where she remained. Declaring that she had had enough of trials and hardships, she refused to go further. She later left the Church and remained in Missouri all her life. Perhaps she suspected what lay ahead for other members of her family—who would willingly give their lives to demonstrate their commitment to God.[4]

The story of the Martin Handcart Company, often told, is yet as unique as each individual member of the company.

While these handcart pioneers left relatively late in the season, they likely would have arrived safely in Salt Lake had not devastating winter storms come so early that year to the high plains of Wyoming. The tragedy was compounded by miscommunication about stocking (with flour and other goods) resupply stations along the route.

No firsthand accounts of the Clifton family's sufferings exist, but records of fellow members of the company paint a vivid picture of its collective experience. For example, fourteen-year-old Charlotte Elizabeth Mellor described crossing the Platte River on October 19 just as a winter storm hit: "On entering the water, our first impulse was to turn back and not wade across. The water was so cold that it sent pains right to the bone and the muscles cramped. We steadied ourselves as we held onto the cart and pushed. Father pulled. By the time we got across, our limbs were so numb that we could hardly keep from falling as we trudged along. The north wind cut like a sharp knife."[5]

By October 23 the surviving members of the Martin Company

John Rodwell

finally arrived at a place of nominal shelter known as Red Buttes (present-day Bessemer Bend). Robert, Mary, Sophia, and Ann spent the next five days hoping for the appearance of rescue wagons from Salt Lake City as daily flour rations were lowered to eight ounces for each adult and four for each child. On one of these mornings, the Cliftons awoke to news that eighteen of their fellows had died that night and were to be buried that day.

Hopes were rallied on Sunday morning, October 26, when (as reported by Josiah Rogerson) a man named John Rodwell shared the dream he'd had the previous night. Declaring that he knew their rescue was imminent, Rodwell said, "I saw a mule, packed with blankets and cooking utensils, come right in the middle of our camp, as we are now, followed by three Californians, wearing blue soldier overcoats, riding mules or horses. They stopped and told us of teams and relief from the Valley, after which we started again on our journey."[6]

The resulting excitement two days later may be imagined. Around noon on October 28 a mule laden with blankets and cooking utensils came into camp, along with three express rescue riders from the Salt Lake Valley: Joseph A. Young, Dan W. Jones, and Abel Garr. They had no supplies themselves but brought joyous news that supplies were to be found up the road.[7]

The sun came out the next day, turning the frozen road into thick sludge as the company hauled their handcarts up the trail to meet the wagons. Rescuer Dan Jones recorded the efforts of this day as follows:

> We continued on, overtaking the handcart company ascending a long, muddy hill. A condition of distress here met my eyes that I never saw before or since. The train was strung out for three or four miles. There were old men pulling and tugging their carts, sometimes loaded with a sick wife or children—women pulling along sick husbands— little children six to eight years old struggling through the mud and snow. As night came on the mud would freeze on their clothes and feet. There were two of us and hundreds needing help. What could we do? We gathered on to some of the most helpless with our riatas [lariats] tied to the carts and helped as many as we could into camp on Avenue Hill. This was a bitter, cold night and we had no fuel except very small sagebrush. Several died that night.[8]

Two days later, on October 31, as the exhausted and famished company approached the place called

Greasewood Creek, they saw a dozen roaring fires along with six relief wagons full of much needed flour, coats, socks, shoes, and other winter necessities. Here, Robert and Mary received an increased meal ration of one pound of flour; Sophia and Ann received a half-pound each. Nevertheless, rations were again reduced the following day when storms again resumed.[9]

The Cliftons struggled through that difficult November 1 and camped near Independence Rock. Three days later, they undertook the fearful crossing of the Sweetwater River and reached the protection of what is now Martin's Cove. At that now-sacred place of refuge, Robert Clifton succumbed to relentless cold and starvation.[10]

Surviving family members reached Salt Lake safely later that month and were kindly taken in by a family named Maxfield. Sarah Maxfield later wrote: "When they [my father and brother] returned, in the welcomed warmth and comfort of the family sleigh was a mother, widowed by her husband dying from that awful ordeal at that last campsite, and her two daughters. These were Mary Matilda (Blanchard) Clifton, widow of Robert Clifton, and their two daughters, Sophia, age 12, and Ann, age 7."[11]

1 Annie Ottley Maxfield, "History of My Great-Grandfather, Robert Clifton," *Robert Clifton,* "Memories," *FamilySearch.org,* online; Lynne Watkins Jorgensen, "The Martin Handcart Disaster: The London Participants," *Journal of Mormon History,* 21.2 (Fall 1995): 176, 179 (fn 24).

2 Maxfield; Jorgensen 179; Eli B. Kelsey, ed., *Half-Yearly Report of the London Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter- day Saints, Held in the City of London, Saturday and Sunday, 31 May and 1 June 1851* (London, 1851; rep. 2018).

3 Jorgensen 187–8; Andrew Olson, *The Price We Paid* (2006), 219; Leroy Hafen and Ann Hafen, *Handcarts to Zion* (1960), 296.

4 Family records in possession of the author.

5 Lloyd Bartholomew, "Brief Sketches from the Life of James Mellor," DUP archives, Salt Lake City, Utah, 47.

6 Josiah Rogerson, "Martin's Handcart Company, 1856," *Salt Lake Herald* (17 Nov 1907): 14.

7 Ibid.

8 Dan Jones, *Forty Years among the Indians* (1890; rep. 2014), 45–6.

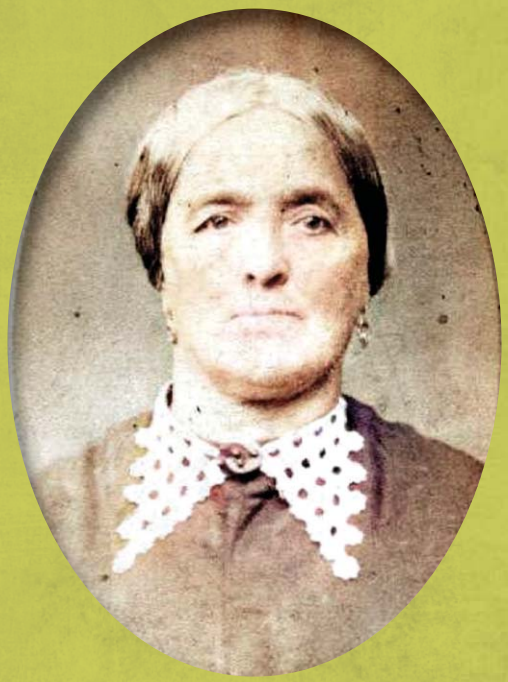
9 Family records in possession of the author.

10 Ibid. All death records for Robert Clifton show his place of death as "plains of Wyoming," but family tradition holds that he died at Martin's Cove.

11 "Aunt Sarah Maxfield," *Hearts of the Children, Blogspot.com,* online.

TOP: *SEARCHING FOR THE MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY,* BY ROBERT T. BARRETT;
ABOVE: *MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY, 1856* BY JOSEPH F. BRICKEY

Maria Jackson Normington Parker



Martin Handcart Company Survivor

DEPARTED FROM ENGLAND MAY 1856

SHIP: HORIZON, *from England to Boston, Massachusetts*

1 MONTH

BY WAYNE K. HINTON

Maria Jackson Normington Parker was born on Christmas Day, 1820, at Burnley, Lancashire, England, to Robert and Jane Thornton Jackson.[1] Before her fifth birthday Maria began winding bobbins at a cotton factory. Therefore, although bright by nature, she had little opportunity as a child for formal education.[2]

In September 1840 she married **Thomas Normington**.[3] Just two months later, in November, Maria was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; Thomas was baptized ten days afterward.[4] The following year, their first child arrived, and by 1854 there had been eight births. Three of these children died in infancy or early childhood.[5]

For a decade and a half, Thomas and Maria dreamed of joining the Saints in America. Finally, after securing a Perpetual Emigration Fund loan, they finalized their departure to the United States. Two of Maria's brothers, William and Robert, had been baptized and arranged to accompany Thomas and Maria's family.[6] In late May 1856 the extended family were among the 856 passengers boarding the ship *Horizon* at Liverpool. About a month later, on June 30, they docked at Boston, Massachusetts.

The Normingtons and the Jackson brothers then took the Rock Island Railroad west to Iowa. Enroute, Robert and his family apparently determined to settle in Indiana; they remained in Indiana permanently and lost contact with the Church. The Normingtons eventually arrived at Iowa City in early July, waiting there for handcarts until July 26. On that day, under the direction of Captain Edward Martin, 576 Saints departed for Salt Lake Valley pulling 146 handcarts; they were accompanied by seven wagons, thirty oxen, fifty cows, and several head of beef cattle. This was the last of the five 1856 handcart companies.[7]

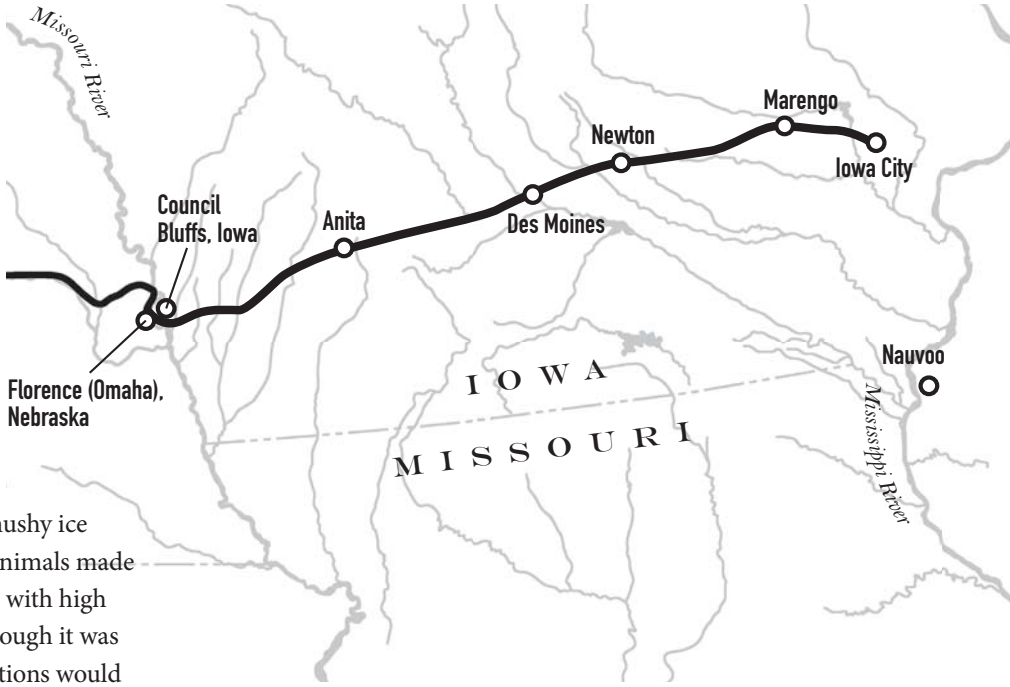
From Boston, Massachusetts to Iowa by Rail

1200 MILES

EDWARD MARTIN HANDCART COMPANY:
From Iowa City, Iowa to Utah by Handcart

1200 MILES

ARRIVED IN SALT LAKE NOVEMBER 1856



Before the company reached the first supply station at Florence, Nebraska, eighteen-month-old Daniel Normington died suddenly. Two weeks later Maria gave birth to a baby boy who died shortly thereafter.[8] Bad luck dogged the entire company. At Fort Laramie only a fraction of the expected supply of food and other provisions was available to the company.[9] And the company's first crossing of the North Platte River on October 19 proved to be a terrible experience as the Saints battled high, bone-cold waters filled with mushy ice chunks. Barely had the last handcarts and animals made it across the river when a fierce storm arose with high winds blowing stinging hail and snow. Although it was technically still autumn, early-winter conditions would envelop the company's weary travelers for the rest of their journey.[10]

Brutal weather conditions were soon compounded by a cholera outbreak. Seriously ill five-year-old Ephraim Normington begged his mother for a piece of bread, and Maria placed a bite of a biscuit on his lips. Before he could eat it, however, he died. Immediately, his seven-year-old sister, Hannah, snatched the morsel from her dead brother's lips and ate it.[11] In that moment, Maria realized the extreme hunger of her three remaining children—Hannah, Lovinia, and Mary Ellen—and resolved to do all in her power to preserve their lives.

After a treacherous final crossing of the North Platte on October 19, the company was caught in another terrible blizzard. Many suffered hypothermia and became critically ill, and the company was forced to stop at Red Bluffs and set up a makeshift camp. Maria's husband Thomas became too ill to help his family members, and he died a week later—just two days before Joseph A. Young and Abel Garr rode into camp on October 28, announcing that relief wagons were on the way. Thomas was buried in a shallow grave with sixteen others.[12]

HANDCART PIONEERS, BY FRANZ JOHANSEN; COMMISSIONED FOR THE 1997 SESQUICENTENNIAL PIONEER CELEBRATION AND PLACED AT THE MORMON TRAIL CENTER, OMAHA, NEBRASKA, IN 1998

Maria persisted in pulling her handcart until her feet were frozen so painfully that she could not walk. She then let her daughters pull the cart as she crawled on her hands and knees until her hands were so frozen as to be useless. She then crawled on her knees and elbows. Those who saw the resulting open wounds were shocked and some cried. She carried the scars on her knees and elbows to her grave.[13] Yet in the face of such unspeakable adversity, Maria continued on, giving her own meager rations to her daughters and eating dirt to satiate her own hunger.[14]

At Martin's Cove Maria slipped into unconsciousness. She remembered nothing of the subsequent arrival of the rescue party or of the journey she and her daughters made to Salt Lake in a rescue wagon furnished by John Parker and driven by his twenty-one-year-old son, William. Maria and her family at last arrived in the Valley on November 30, 1856, where generous families took them and other company survivors into their homes and nursed them back to health.[15]

Understandably, Maria was unable to walk for several months; her girls recovered more quickly. They lived with the John Parker family on Second South between West Temple and Main Street in downtown Salt Lake City. When Maria had recovered her strength, she and her daughters moved to the **John Parker** farm at Taylorsville.[16]

John Parker's first wife had died in England. He subsequently married Ellen Briggs, a widow with nine children. The couple had two additional children. In November 1857 Maria became the plural wife of John Parker; they also had two children, a son, Robert, and a daughter, Maria.[17]

In October 1862 John was called to help strengthen the Dixie Cotton Mission. Maria ran the Taylorsville farm for another year before she and her children joined John at Virgin, Utah, where they lived in a dugout for several years.[18]

When the Virgin Branch was organized as a ward, John Parker became the first bishop. He organized a branch of the United Order in the ward, a cooperative cattle association, and a cooperative store managed by Maria and her sister wife, Ellen.[19]

ABOVE: *HANDCART PIONEERS*, BY DAN WEGGELAND, 1908; RIGHT: MARTIN'S COVE RESCUE SCULPTURES BY RUSSELL W. BOWERS

Maria lived to see the completion of the St. George Temple and was able to participate in the work of having her extended family sealed to one another.[20]

In mid-March 1881 Maria suffered a stroke and died at age sixty. She had lived a life adhering closely to gospel principles and had taught her children—by precept and example—to be honest, industrious, and true Latter-day Saints.[21] Among her descendants are general authorities, mission presidents, temple presidents, stake presidents, stake patriarchs, bishops, and untold numbers of missionaries.

1 "Maria Jackson Normington Parker," *Women of Faith and Fortitude,* 4 vols. (Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1980), v. 4, 2293.

2 Annie Hilton Bishop, "Down Memory Lane," Kate B. Carter, ed., *Pioneer Heritage,* v. 2 (1959), 234.

3 Annie Hilton Bishop, "A Sketch of the Life of Maria Jackson Normington Parker, My Mother's Mother," typescript, June 1929, Church History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah (hereafter CHL).

4 "Maria Jackson Normington Parker," 2293; Bishop, "Sketch."

5 "Maria Jackson Normington Parker" and "Thomas Normington," Memories, *FamilySearch.org,* online.

6 "Thomas Normington," Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company records, section 1, p. 10, Family History Library, Salt Lake City, Utah. Robert married Phoebe Watson in 1837; they had six children, all born in England. William, aged 42 in 1856, was single or left his family behind when he immigrated. There are no accurate family records of his birth or death; there is no record of his being married.

7 William W. Slaughter and Michael Landon, *Trail of Hope: Story of the Mormon Train* (1997), 119. It is not known whether William joined his sister's family in the Martin Company (while company records show a "William Jackson," it is apparently a different individual and a member of a different Jackson family), whether he died before the company departed, or whether he remained in the Midwest with his brother Robert.

8 Bishop, "Sketch."

9 Andrew D. Olson, *The Price We Paid* (2006), 312.

10 Jolene Spendlove Alphin, "James Gordon Bleak Sr." *Tell My Story, Too,* 5th ed., privately printed (2006), 246; also online.

11 Alice Parker Isom, "The Life of John Parker, Jr." CHL; copy in possession of author.

12 Isom 8-10; Bishop, "Sketch."

13 Ruth Winder Rogers, "History of John Parker," typescript, 30.

14 Alphin 278; Bishop, "Sketch."

15 Bishop, "Sketch"; Isom 12.

16 Isom 10, 14.

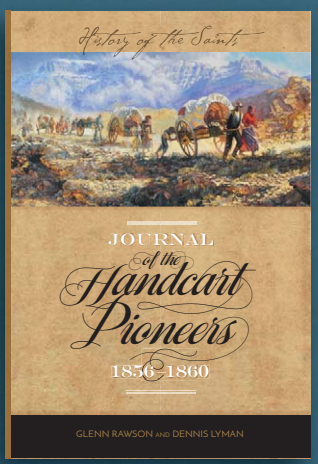
17 Rogers 44.

18 Lenora Atkins Meets, "John Knock Hinton: The Reconstructed Life of an English-Born Mormon Convert," MA thesis, Brigham Young University (1987), 82-3.

19 Isom 17; James Jepson, Jr., "The First Settlers of Virgin, Utah," Lucy B. Isom, ed., typescript (1947), 12.

20 Rogers 54.

21 Rogers 54; Isom 15; Bishop, "Sketch."



Experience countless diary entries of handcart pioneers and learn the trails they traveled: read Glenn Rawson and Dennis Lyman's *Journal of the Handcart Pioneers,* 1856–1860—one of many volumes in their *History of the Saints* series

CHARLES WILSON FOX DEPARTED FROM ENGLAND MARCH 1858

SHIP: EMPIRE, *From England to New York*

28 DAYS

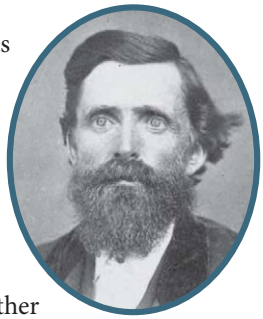
Charles Wilson Fox

Charles Fox's measuring tapes, courtesy Susan Hawkes; items located in the Franklin Relic Hall Museum in Franklin Idaho

BY SUSAN HAWKES

Charles Wilson Fox was born in Derbyshire, England, in September 1823, the fifth of five children born to Robert Fox Jr. and Martha Wilson Fox. Two of Charles's older sisters—Sarah and Hannah—died in infancy; a third, Martha, died unmarried at age sixty in a Sheffield workhouse. Robert, two years older than Charles, died unexpectedly in 1845 at age twenty-four.

Isaac—five years Charles' senior—was married in 1839; he and his wife were taught by missionaries and baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ in the fall of 1848. It was from Isaac that Charles first learned about the restored gospel of Jesus Christ, but Charles did not truly investigate the Church until eight years later when **Elder Lorenzo Hill Hatch** arrived in the British Mission from Lehi, Utah, in July 1856. Charles was soon being taught by the Latter-day Saint missionary and was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ that October. He became Lorenzo's missionary companion shortly afterward, and the two became lifelong friends, working together to build up the Kingdom of God in western Europe and, later, in Utah Territory.



When Isaac Fox was called in January 1857 to be district leader of the Glasgow Scotland District, he invited Charles to serve with him and his family.* Just a few months later, missionaries serving outside the United States were given notice to return or immigrate to the Utah Territory by the early spring of 1858 in order to help defend the Saints against Johnston's Army. While Charles would continue to assist his brother for the following ten months, Lorenzo persuaded Charles to prepare to accompany him to Utah. Both men left Liverpool in February 1858, but Lorenzo found passage with Saints traveling on the *City of Washington* while Charles boarded the *Empire* and arrived in New York in mid-March 1858.

JOHN W. BERRY COMPANY: *From New York to Ft. Des Moines, Iowa to the Salt Lake Valley with twenty wagons and ninety-three animals*

2175 MILES, 6 WEEKS

ARRIVED IN SALT LAKE JUNE 1858

Charles' fellow-passenger Thomas Bullock declared later that "those aboard the ship *Empire* would make wonderful time sailing to America; they were favored with a strong breeze, which brought them near to Greenland and many icebergs floating in the water." Given that his trans-Atlantic voyage took only twenty-eight days, Charles was grateful that he and Lorenzo had not ended up on the *Underwriter*, the ship to which they were originally assigned. It left Liverpool several days before the *Empire*, but fought rough seas and difficult weather through most of its voyage, taking a full eight weeks to reach New York.

Charles crossed the plains in the John W. Berry Company, comprised almost exclusively of male missionaries called home from Canada, the eastern United States, and western Europe. The company departed Ft. Des Moines, Iowa, in early May 1858. Despite the fact that the men spent arduous days chasing after runaway animals (on one occasion making a fifty-mile round trip), building rafts for river crossings, dodging army encampments and US military personnel, and building new roads across the Bear River Mountains, they arrived in the Salt Lake Valley with twenty wagons and ninety-three animals on June 21, just six weeks after their Iowa departure. The company arrived in Provo two days later—where the Church was temporarily headquartered—and company members were officially released from missionary service.

Following his release from the company, Charles backtracked to nearby Lehi, Utah, where his friend Lorenzo Hill Hatch had recently settled. In Lehi, Charles built a spacious three-room adobe house and worked as a mason, gaining a reputation as a well-to-do bachelor. There he made the acquaintance of Elizabeth Brook Scarborough, his future wife.

ARRIVED IN SALT LAKE OCTOBER 1860

*ISAAC WILSON FOX AND MARGARET ANN SLINN

were married in Sheffield, England, in June 1839; they and their five surviving children—Alfred, Martha, Robert, Isaac, and Caroline—immigrated to Utah Territory in the spring of 1860. (Their oldest son, Charles, died of an illness at age four.) Following their October 5 arrival in the Salt Lake Valley, Isaac and Margaret and their children remained in Salt Lake for October conference; they joined Charles and Elizabeth in Lehi on October 12. Isaac would take two plural wives (the second plural wife after the first died), would have seventeen children, fourteen of whom would survive to adulthood, and would live in Lehi the remainder of his life, serving in the Church, farming, and practicing herbalist medicine.

ELIZABETH BROOK
DEPARTED FROM
ENGLAND APRIL
1861

SHIP: UNDERWRITER,
From England to New York

4 WEEKS

Elizabeth Brook Fox

Elizabeth Brook's purse, courtesy Susan Hawkes; items located in the Franklin Relic Hall Museum in Franklin Idaho

Elizabeth Brook was born in January 1825 to Joseph and Martha Proctor Brook in Leeds, England. Her parents ran a small shop tied to a nearby flour mill company. While in her teens she became interested in wood finishing and resolved to learn the trade of French polishing—the art of applying a highly glossy finish to fine wood. She earned an independent wage until she was married in March 1850 to John Scarborough from nearby Halifax. Elizabeth had been wed only a few months when both her parents died, and the young couple moved into her parents' home to manage the family business of selling flour and different cereals.

In March 1851, Elizabeth was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ after having met for several weeks with missionaries in the area. Elizabeth and John's first child, Joseph Brook, was born six months after Elizabeth's baptism; their second child, Annie, was born not quite two years later. While John initially seemed supportive of Elizabeth's decision to become a Latter-day Saint, he gradually became resentful. He found reasons to spend longer and longer spans of time in the nearby town where he worked, eventually staying away from his family altogether and sending little money to Elizabeth. "After a few years," Elizabeth later wrote, "[John]grew very bitter . . . and began staying away from home at nights and doing things that made home anything but pleasant." She continued, "He said a great many things about 'the Mormons' that were very aggravating to me, [causing me to] wonder if I left the Church, would matters be improved, but through the blessings of my Heavenly Father, I held onto the faith I had espoused."

By Annie's fifth birthday, Elizabeth and John were divorced, and Elizabeth became increasingly desirous to immigrate to Zion with her two children; she worked tirelessly to save enough money for their passage. At length, she and her children joined other Saints aboard the *Underwriter* in late April 1861, arriving in New York just over four weeks later. Milo An-

drus, the group's leader, recorded details of their sea journey: "On board the *Underwriter*, travelers were divided into nine wards and assigned to various places where they held their separate Sunday meetings. It was the custom of the Saints to put on . . . extra clean and gay dress . . . in preparation for the sacred business of the day[:] they heard sermons and bore testimonies, then if weather permitted hymn-singing would take place on deck." He mentioned occasional violent storms that made passengers feel as if they were inside "a game of 'pitch-and-toss' with everything flying about unless it was tied down"; accordingly, "many people suffered greatly from seasickness." Still, he said, "there were days when all enjoyed social times with songs, sentimental recitations, and dancing." When the ship was ten days out of harbor, it encountered a smaller vessel from which the Saints obtained newspapers announcing the outbreak of war between the North and the South, a fact that gave them grave concern.

Once the *Underwriter* arrived at port, Andrus recorded that "a doctor came on board to inspect the company" and "declared that he had never seen a company bearing such signs of good health." Andrus noted in passing that "two babies had died on the journey," but that "both were ill with consumption when the ship left England." In a letter sent upon their landing in New York, Andrus wrote, "We cannot speak in too glowing terms of the good spirit and feeling manifested by the Saints on this happy voyage. The power of God has been with them, and they have governed themselves according to the counsels which have been given them almost without exception."

Elizabeth's brother John had emigrated from England a few years earlier; he and his wife Ann lived in New York City. Elizabeth and her children were able to visit with them only briefly before continuing their journey west, traveling by rail with members of their immigrant company to Florence, Nebraska.

Arriving in Florence by early June, Elizabeth's family waited a month for ox teams traveling from Salt Lake Valley to arrive and take them back to Utah. In the meantime, Elizabeth found odd jobs that provided food for her and her children. Elizabeth recorded that they "were very happy to see the ox carts" assigned to the Milo Andrus Company "roll in." She and Joseph would walk most of the way to Utah, but Annie was ill and had to ride in the cart most of the way. Grateful that they encountered no "Indian trouble" or buffalo stampedes, Elizabeth later recounted the novelty of watching the ox teams pitch into the great streams and observing how the men blocked the ox-cart wheels as the company traveled down mountain slopes. After a plains journey of three months and a sea-land journey of five, Elizabeth, Joseph, and Annie arrived safely in the Salt Lake Valley in early September 1861.

Elizabeth and children stayed in Salt Lake with her friends, the Phineas Young family, for a week or so. Then finding work in Lehi, Utah, Elizabeth moved her children there. Here she met Charles Fox and, in January 1862, they were married. The newlyweds lived in Charles' adobe home in Lehi, Utah, which felt spacious and comfortable to Elizabeth, especially after her journey from England.

In November 1863, the Charles Fox and Lorenzo Hill Hatch families answered a call from Brigham Young to move to Cache Valley and help establish the settlement of Franklin, then in Utah Territory but now in southeastern

BOSTON DAILY EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861.

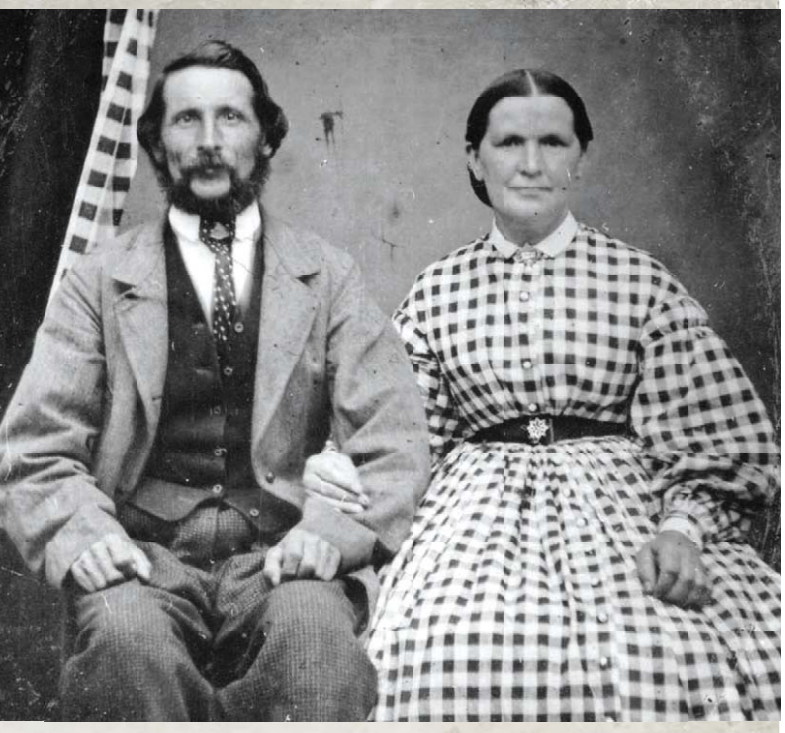
WAR BEGUN!

The South Strikes the First Blow.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY AUTHORIZES HOSTILITIES.

Fort Moultrie Opens Fire on Fort Sumter,

AT FOUR O'CLOCK FRIDAY MORNING.



In September 1861, Elizabeth and her children moved to Lehi, Utah. Here she met Charles Fox and, in January 1862, they were married.

Charles and Elizabeth Fox home, Franklin, Idaho, ca. 1872

Idaho; Lorenzo was called as the presiding elder of the Franklin Branch. On their arrival Charles managed to build a one-room cabin that enabled his family to get through their first winter. The following spring, Charles discovered white rock in the nearby hills up Maple Creek. He hewed stone, hauled it to their cabin, and added a large and much-needed room, the first rock building in Franklin.

In 1868, now-Bishop Hatch asked Elizabeth and Charles to perform a service mission at the work camp of the Central Pacific Railroad where the couple and their children cooked for the railroad workers and looked after other needs. (The transcontinental railroad was nearing completion, and Latter-day Saint bishops in the area had subcontracted needed services.)

Four years later, Charles and Elizabeth completed a six-room rock house in Franklin. As the town had no hotel, the Foxes took in boarders; their guests were often railroad personnel. Elizabeth was a fine cook and hostess, and both she and Charles loved people. Visiting Church authorities from Salt Lake City were also frequent guests in their home.

Charles was a conscientious and kind stepfather to Joseph and Annie. While he never had biological children, he helped ensure that his two stepchildren grew up faithful members of the Church and that they married well. Joseph married **Mary Ann Foster*** in December 1870; Annie married Lafayette Hatch, the oldest son of Charles' close friend Lorenzo Hill Hatch, in December 1873.

Himself a faithful Church member, Charles also supported Elizabeth in her extensive Church responsibilities and travels. Elizabeth taught Relief Society classes for a number of years and afterwards served for thirteen years as president of her ward Relief Society. Minutes kept during her tenure reveal the sisters' consistent donations to Logan Temple construction and periodic collections for Deseret Hospital in Salt Lake City. The sisters cared for the town's poor through service and through donations of cash, quilts, and other goods; they also created a fund to help immigrating Saints.

Read more about the founding of Franklin, Idaho in Pioneer, 60.4 (2013): 14–20.

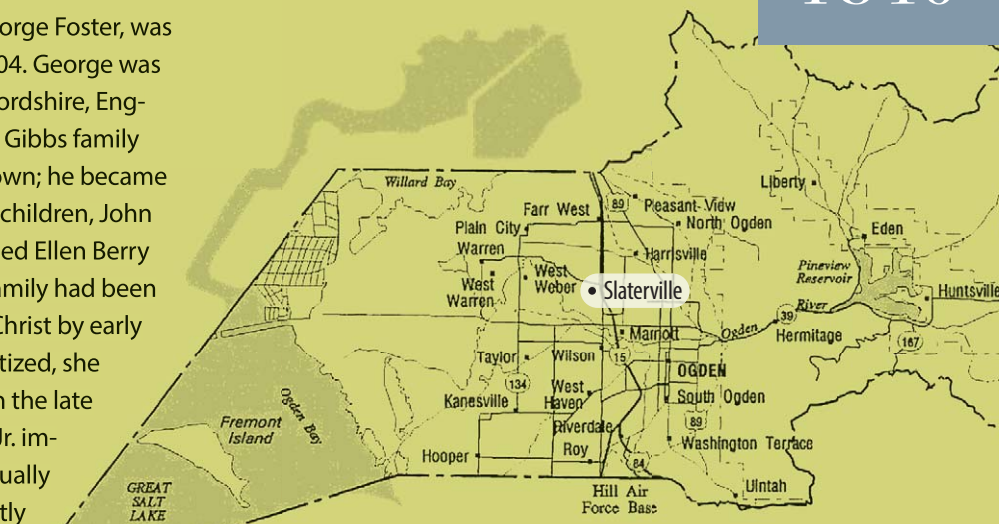
Eventually, Charles built a large, two-story stone home in Franklin, together with several other rock buildings; he and Elizabeth continued to take in boarders. Charles remained very close to Lorenzo Hill Hatch, co-managing with him the ZCMI Co-operative Mercantile in Franklin and together compiling a town history.

On January 1, 1880, Elizabeth and Charles spent several delightful hours at their son Joseph's home celebrating the New Year with a special dinner and lively conversation. As Elizabeth and Charles were returning home, Charles began to cough violently, weakening a blood vessel in his throat or lungs. He died seven days later of a hemorrhage, just two weeks before the couple's eighteenth wedding anniversary. Charles was only fifty-seven years old, and his death was a great

IMMIGRATED TO THE UNITED STATES SUMMER
1840

*GEORGE FOSTER AND THE JOHN AND SARAH GIBBS FAMILY

Mary Ann Foster 's father, George Foster, was born in Flintshire, Wales, in 1804. George was orphaned after his parents moved to Herefordshire, England, when he was ten. The John and Sarah Gibbs family took him in and raised him as one of their own; he became a beloved older brother to the Gibbs' three children, John Jr., Hannah Mariah, and Mary. George married Ellen Berry in 1833; he and all members of the Gibbs family had been baptized members of the Church of Jesus Christ by early 1840. Although Ellen elected not to be baptized, she agreed to immigrate with George to Zion in the late summer of 1840; John Sr., Sarah, and John Jr. immigrated with them. George prayed continually that her heart would be softened, and shortly before her death in early 1846, Ellen awoke from a remarkable dream that persuaded her fully of the truth of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ; she then demanded immediate baptism, even though it was the middle of the night. The couple had five sons, all of whom died in infancy; Ellen, who endured resulting health issues, died eight years after the birth of her fifth son. Despondent and forced to leave Nauvoo with the other Saints, George determined to return to Herefordshire for a final visit before heading West. While in England, he visited Hannah Mariah and the two fell in love. She accompanied him back to the US; they were married in St. Louis, Missouri, before immigrating westward. They would eventually help settle Slaterville, Utah (now Marriott-Slaterville, near Ogden), and Franklin, Idaho. The couple had five daughters; Hannah died of a sudden illness when the youngest was about fourteen months old and the oldest was ten years. George himself would die unexpectedly, just after his oldest daughter's marriage. All five daughters would remain faithful Latter-day Saints and would marry and have children of their own.



loss to his family and the community. Those speaking at his funeral shared how their lives had been impacted by his loyalty, righteousness, and hard-working example

Elizabeth would pass away at the age of eighty-one in April 1906, having lived alone for twenty-six years after losing her husband. She was remembered for her loving nature, selfless service, deep faith, and unwavering optimism. As she grew old, she liked telling about hers and Charles' first Christmas in Franklin—spent in a humble one-room cabin with a dirt roof and floor. Charles had replaced it, over time, with a strong and beautiful home still standing today, a monument to the faith, courage, and endurance of the two pioneers who first lived there.

The author, Susan Hawkes, is curator of the Franklin Relic Hall Museum in Franklin Idaho

The influence of Charles and Elizabeth Brooks Fox continues to be felt by those who read their words. Housed at Utah State University are the Charles Fox Papers, a collection of historical documents covering the early history of Franklin, Idaho. And on file at the Church History Library are the early Franklin Relief Society minutes recorded by Elizabeth Brook Fox.

Sources

"Charles and Elizabeth Brook Fox History," typescript, n.d., copy at Franklin Relic Hall Museum, Franklin, Idaho.

"Details, John W. Berry Company (1858)," *Church History Biographical Database,* online.

Entries for Charles Fox and Elizabeth Brook Scarborough, *Saints by Sea: Latter-day Saint Immigration to America,* Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University (2012–2022), online.

John Alfred Fox, "Isaac Wilson Fox, Life Sketch," typescript, n.d., ed. Dayleen Felt, 2003; "Isaac Wilson Fox," Memories, *FamilySearch.org,* online.

Ruth Savage Hilton, ed., "Lorenzo Hill Hatch Journal," typed transcript of original journals (Mar 1958).

"The Trail Blazer, A History of the Development of Southeastern Idaho," typescript, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, n.d.

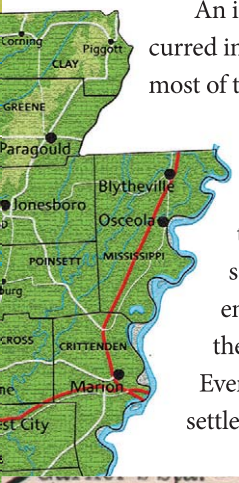
Karl H. Wheatley, "The Emigration of the John Gibbs Sr. and Sarah Bailey Gibbs Family to Utah, Including George Foster and His Family: A Case Study," "John Gibbs Jr.," Memories, *FamilySearch.org,* online.

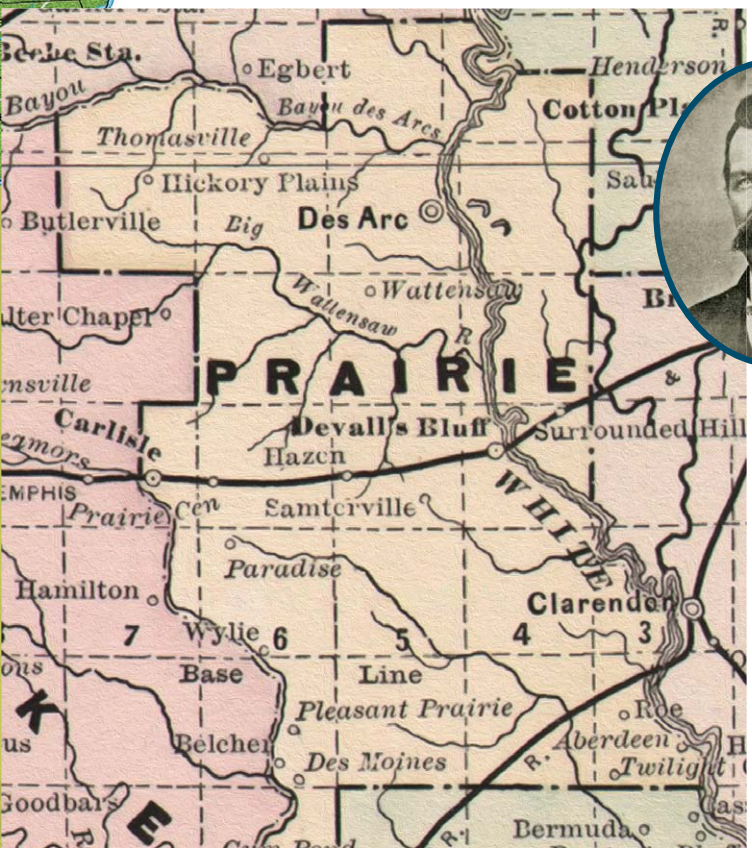
The Arkansas Travelers

BY RYAN COMBS

The gathering overland to Zion by Latter-day Saint pioneers in the latter half of the nineteenth century followed two patterns. Before the transcontinental railroad was completed in 1869, immigrant Saints traveled in small groups or as families to staging locations such as Iowa City and Council Bluffs, where they were organized into companies for the trek to Utah. After the completion of the railroad, staging locations generally disappeared, and Saints traveled by train to Utah in smaller community or family units.

An important exception to the latter pattern occurred in 1877 when a group of twenty-seven families, most of them from Des Arc, Arkansas, followed the pre-railroad model. Through urging from Brigham Young and organized by Southern States Mission president Henry Green Boyle, this company made an overland trek following southern routes from Arkansas to the West, some ending their journey in New Mexico and some at the Little Colorado River settlements in Arizona. Eventually, many of the Arkansas Saints arrived at settlements in Utah.

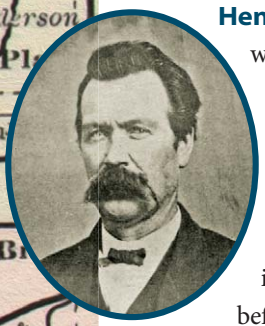




A prominent member of the Arkansas Travelers (as they came to be known) was Elizabeth Ann Wanslee Morris, who was born in Georgia in 1828. She was taught the gospel and baptized by Jesse W. Crosby.[1] By 1871 she had moved to Des Arc, Arkansas, where she and her stepmother, Nancy Ann Morris Wanslee, wrote a letter to President Boyle requesting him to send missionaries to Des Arc. In response, Boyle, accompanied by John D. H. McAllister, arrived in Des Arc in late December 1875.[2]

Des Arc, named for a nearby bayou, is located on the White River and had a population of about five hundred when the missionaries arrived.[3] Initially Boyle and McAllister encountered a "great deal of prejudice" and "hard feelings." Nevertheless, they commenced their preaching and soon broke down some of the animosity. They reported baptizing some "very intelligent men and women."[4]

By May 1876 the Pleasant Prairie Branch was organized; it consisted of forty-two members, with all but Elizabeth being baptized by the newly arrived missionaries. John Sybert Waddell, the first man baptized at Des Arc, was made branch president. Whereas the missionary work elsewhere in Arkansas was "dark and gloomy," Des Arc was proving to be fruitful.[5]



Henry Green Boyle was born in March 1824 in Virginia and was baptized by Samuel Carter in November 1843. After serving a mission in Virginia he arrived at Nauvoo in 1845. He enlisted in the Mormon Battalion as a private in Company C, and after the Battalion's arrival in California, he re-enlisted for eight months before traveling to Salt Lake in 1848. In 1851 Boyle was among the Saints who helped establish San Bernadino, California, with apostles Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich.[6]

In January 1877, Boyle preached a sermon to the Des Arc Saints on the subject of the gathering.[7] By this time the Pleasant Prairie Branch had more than one hundred

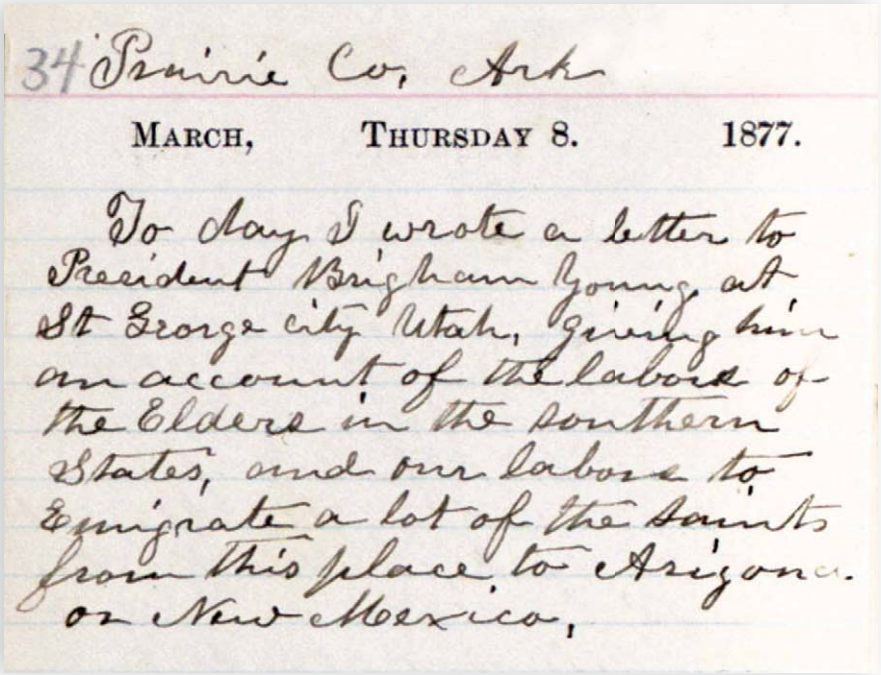
members, and most of these desired to migrate West.[8] Rather than doing so in small groups or family units, they asked for permission to travel together and perhaps settle together.

On March 8, 1877, Boyle organized the one hundred twenty-five Des Arc Saints—which included twenty-seven families—into a company that would gather by May 1 at the staging point of Evansville, Arkansas. Boyle assigned returning elder John Peter Wimmer as company president with Nelson P. Beebe and Thomas Commins West as counselors.[9] Wimmer and Beebe had both resided primarily in Utah since the 1850s and both knew the order of travel for Latter-day Saint wagon trains. The company was organized into groups of ten with captains over each ten, and there was a company guard, with a captain of the guards, a company clerk, and a company chaplain.[10]

With the departure of the Arkansas Travelers, there were only fifteen members remaining at Des Arc in the Pleasant Prairie Branch. Henry Clay Jewell was appointed branch president of this remnant group made up mostly of his family. The last member of the branch emigrated to Arizona in 1890 and the branch was dissolved.[11]

Rather than follow the shorter Butterfield Stage route, the company headed northwest to follow the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, thereby affording resupplying and post office access. Much of the route would follow the Arkansas River and would thus avoid the Oklahoma Indian Territory.[12]

As the pioneers traveled west through Arkansas, they passed through the counties that had been home to members of the ill-fated Fancher-Baker Party, massacred at Mountain Meadows in southern Utah



34 Prairie Co, Ark

MARCH, THURSDAY 8. 1877.

To day I wrote a letter to President Brigham Young, at St George city Utah, giving him an account of the labors of the Elders in the southern States, and our labors to Emigrate a lot of the Saints from this place to Arizona or New Mexico,

Henry Green Boyle journal entry while serving in Prairie County, Arkansas

KIMBALL, Bosque Co., Texas,
July 19, 1877.

President Brigham Young:

Dear Brother—Since my last report, there have been seventy members added to the church by baptism, in this district; and one hundred and forty-eight emigrated, about ten of them to Utah and the balance are on their way to New Mexico or Arizona. There are eight branches of the church in this district, wi h an aggregate membership of about two hundred, and a great many scattering members not organized.

The Arkansas company of Saints numbering one hundred and thirty-eight souls was nearing Dodge City, Kansas, on the 5th inst., all well. They had been delayed a great length of time by sickness and high water.

This Arkansas company of Saints will have to make a halt at the most convenient point on the route and work for and lay in a supply of provisions for subsistence during their journey, and until they can raise a crop wherever they may permanently settle.

Elders J. W. Sharp and Joseph Argyle are laboring at Shady Grove, Hickman County, Tenn., and doing a good work.

Elders John Morgan and J. T. Lisonbe are meeting with success in their labors in Georgia. Their address is Rome, Ga

Elders J. D. H. McAllister and S. Worsencroft have just returned home from their field of labor in Franklin Co., Va., where they baptized several. That point would be a good field for some of the Elders who may hereafter be sent to labor in the south.

Elder J. D. L. Pearce has just reported to me a fine opening at Baldwin, Prentiss Co., Miss. He wishes an experienced Elder to come to his assistance.

Another company of Saints contemplate leaving Georgia and Alabama this fall. This company, we believe, will be quite as large as the one now *en route*.

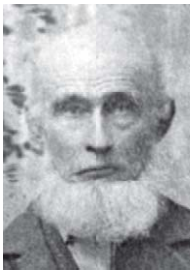
I passed through New Mexico and Arizona with the Mormon Battalion, in the fall and winter seasons; the weather was mild and feed good. I am under the impression that the middle of October or the first of November is the time for emigrating companies of Saints to leave the frontiers of Kansas or Indian Territory.

Elder J. S. Page, jun., and myself are laboring in this and adjoining counties, and believe we are doing some good in disseminating the principles of the Gospel.

The tidal wave of opposition seems to be receding, and the elders are full of hope for the future.

Brother Page joins me in love.

I remain, as always, your brother in the Gospel, H. G. BOYLE.



Left (in the center wearing a black hat) and inset above, **John Jackson Quinn**, *part of the Arkansas Saints that settled in Graham County. Read more in* PIONEER, 69.2 (2022): 16–18.

in September 1857. They also traveled through Van Buren, Arkansas, near where Elder Parley P. Pratt had been murdered in May 1857. As they traveled, the pioneers were careful not to identify themselves as "Mormons."[13]

David Van Amburg Talley kept the most complete record of the company's travel, recording deaths, births, considerable rain (which held up travel), lost cows, and sickness. He noted that some Saints complained about Wimmer's leadership, resulting in divisions. One of the group later wrote, "Wimmer was a good man, but couldn't handle people."[14] Wimmer left the company near Coffeyville, Kansas, due to illness and arrived in Salt Lake in early June 1877.[15]

From that point there seems to have been less tension among members of the company. At Raton, Colorado, the railroad ended. From there the company followed a route similar to that of today's Highway 25, travelling southwest through Colorado to eastern New Mexico. Many continued on to the Little Colorado settlements in the summer of 1877 to conclude their trek of 1,400 miles.[16]

David Van Amburg Talley family with wife Sarah Hazeltine West

1 Jessie W. Crosby Sr. to Brigham Young, 31 Dec 1868, Brigham Young Incoming Correspondence 1839–1877, box 32, folder 13, Church History Library [hereafter CHL].

2 "Missionary Labors in Arkansas," *Millennial Star,* 43 (1881): 117.

3 Editors of Goodspeed Publishing, *Biographical and Historical Memoirs of Eastern Arkansas* (1890).

4 Letter from Henry Boyle, quoted in *Deseret News,* 25 (25 Apr 1876): 233.

5 Henry Green Boyle diary, 28 Jan 1877, CHL.

6 "Henry Green Boyle," *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia,* v. 4 (1936), 360.

7 Boyle diary, 7 Jan 1877.

8 Boyle diary, 8 Mar 1877.

9 Henry G. Boyle, letter, *Deseret News,* 9 Mar 1877.

10 "John Peter Wimmer," *Mormon Pioneer Overland Travel* database, online.

11 "Prairie Cottage Branch," Southern States Mission Minutes, 1882–83.

12 David van Amburg Talley diary, 23 May 1877, CHL.

13 Boyle diary, 4 Feb 1877.

14 Nelson Paul Beebe, *The Life and Diary of Nelson Paul Beebe* (1992) item 9, 25–9, Malinda Alice Earl Chesney Collection, 1846–1855, 1992–1994, CHL.

15 William R. Ridgeway, "Arkansas Travelers of 1877," *Sheriff* (April 1959): 40.

16 "Missionary News," *Deseret News* (27 Jun 1877).

17 *Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad … for the year ending December 31, 1877* (1878).

DEPARTED FROM COPENHAGEN JUNE 1868

STEAMER: HANSIA, *from Denmark to Hull, England*

700 MILES

From Hull, England to Liverpool by Rail

130 MILES

The Last Pioneers

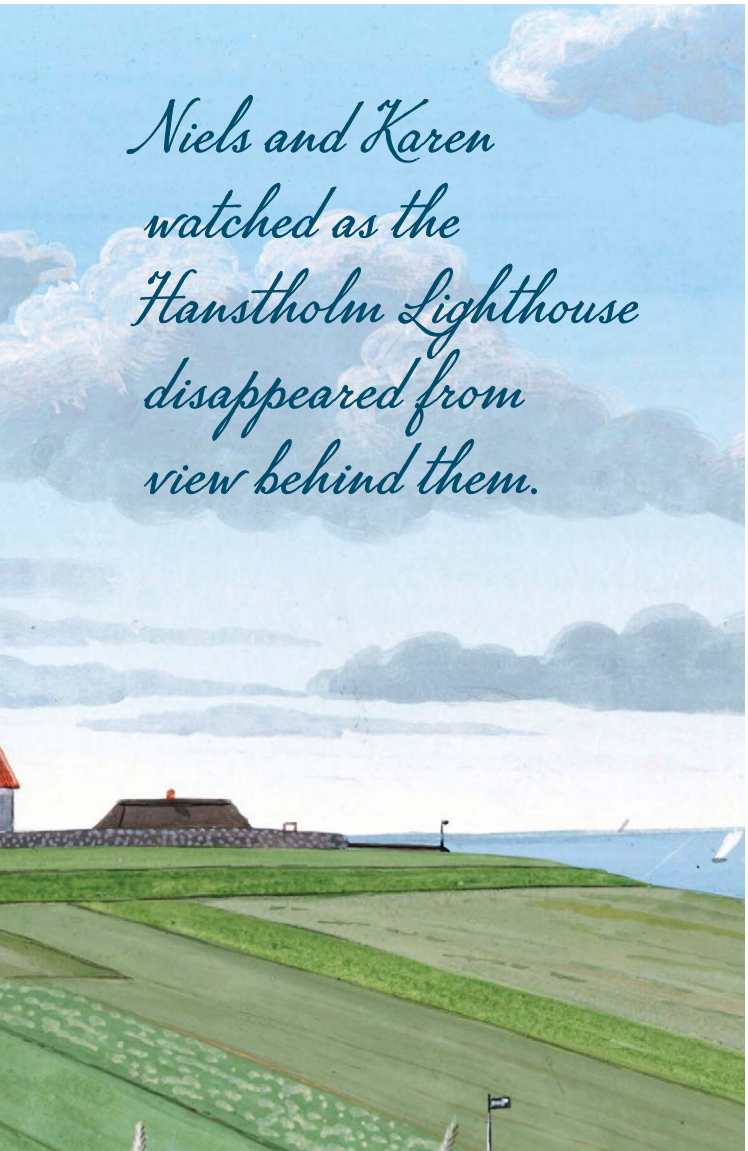
Niels Mads Hansen and Karen Marie Hansen

BY CLARK B. HINCKLEY

Denmark proper is but a small state."[1] So wrote Elder Erastus Snow in his 1851 report on the Scandinavia Mission. In a small town—Næsbyhoved Broby, Odense—in the center of that small state, a fifteen-year-old girl, Karen Marie Hansen, was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in April 1867. Nine months later, Niels Mads Hansen (no relation) was baptized. Niels and Karen were introduced by a mutual friend and were soon engaged. Niels was anxious to emigrate to the United States and get married there; Karen was anxious to emigrate but hoped to further her education and was hesitant to marry so young. Nevertheless, she

soon realized that her desire to gather with the Saints in Utah outweighed her concerns about doing so, and the newly engaged couple were soon preparing to emigrate.

In June 1868, Niels and Karen traveled one hundred miles to Copenhagen, where they met with several hundred Danish Saints and a smaller group of Swedish converts. After "considerable trouble with the police authorities in Copenhagen,"[2] the Saints crowded aboard the steamer *Hansia* under the direction of Hans Jensen Hals, a returning missionary, and departed for Hull, England, on the evening of June 13, 1868. The next day, Sunday, Niels and Karen watched as the Hanstholm Lighthouse disappeared from view behind them. It was the last glimpse they would ever have of their native Denmark.



HANSTHOLM LIGHTHOUSE, 1845, BY DANISH ARTIST RASMUS HENRIK KRUSE

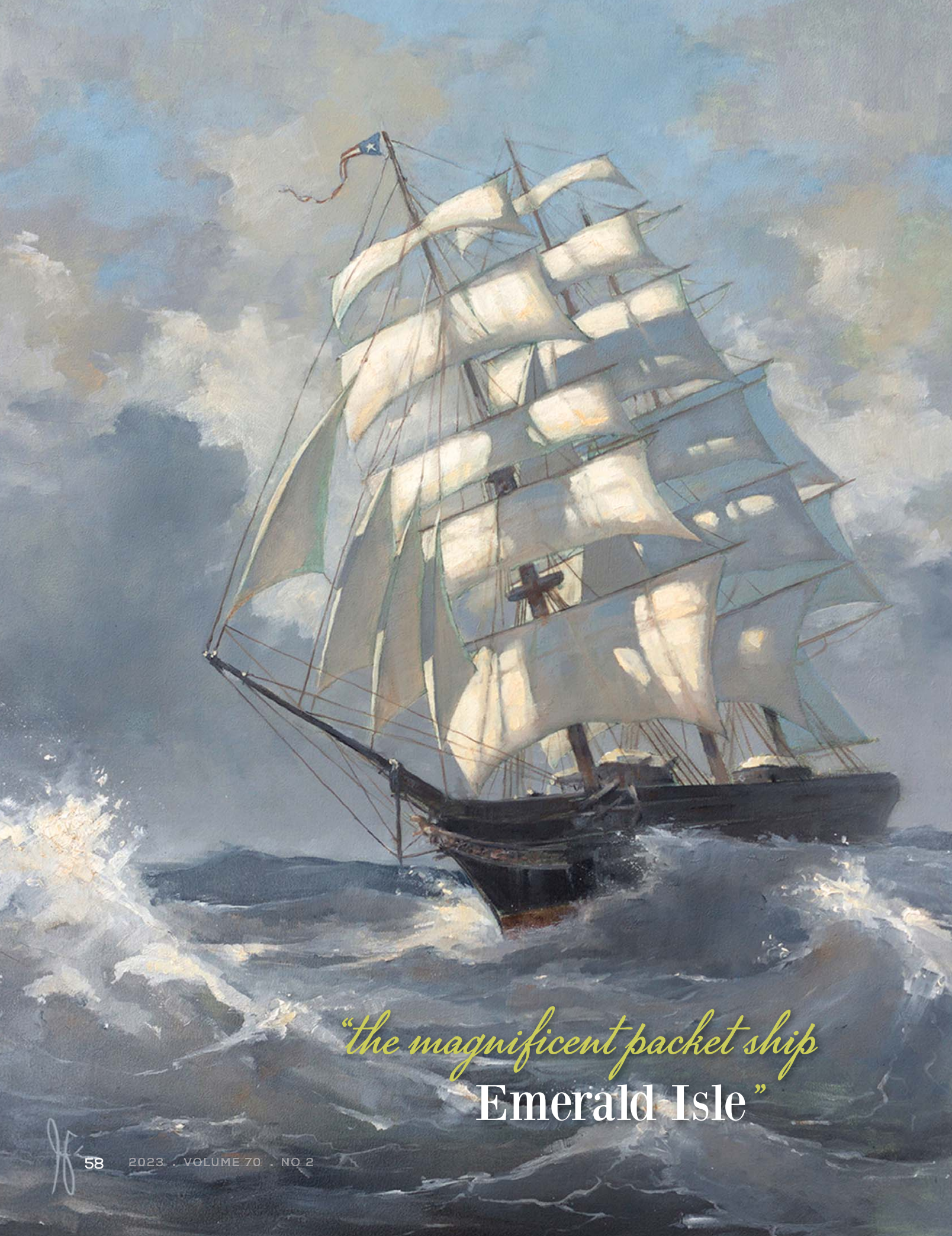
After a three-day voyage of over seven hundred miles across the North Sea, the *Hansia* docked at Hull on England's east coast on June 16. The emigrating Saints disembarked and immediately boarded a train to Liverpool, where they arrived after midnight. Several brethren from the mission office assisted them in getting to rooms spread across seven different hotels near the docks.

The logistics of moving so many people from Copenhagen to Liverpool were impressive: nearly 630 Saints and an even larger number of trunks and bags had to be moved. Niels and Karen each had a suitcase with personal belongings. In addition, Niels had a large carpetbag which contained sheets, pillows, and other bedding—a trousseau for his upcoming marriage.

On June 19 the Saints were booked out of Liverpool on what the *Millennial Star* called "the magnificent packet ship *Emerald Isle*."[3] The ship, a three-masted schooner, was well-known to Church agents—it had carried emigrating Saints in 1855 and again in 1859—who would have disputed the use of "magnificent" to describe the vessel. According to one report, the *Emerald Isle* had arrived in Liverpool a few days earlier carrying a large load of cattle and had to be hosed down before the Saints could board.[4]

The *Emerald Isle* was the second of five vessels to depart from Liverpool that summer carrying Latter-day Saint emigrants. The *John Bright*, a sailing ship, had sailed two weeks earlier with 743 passengers; the *Constitution*, another sailing ship, would leave four days after the *Emerald Isle* with 472 passengers. Two steamers, the *Minnesota* and the *Colorado*, carrying nearly 1,200 emigrants between them, would leave June 30 and July 14, respectively.

Niels and Karen left their hotel on the morning of June 19 and went to the wharf to board the ship, "but as the carpenters had not completed their labors in making temporary berths for the passengers, they were compelled to wait until past noon." That afternoon a total of



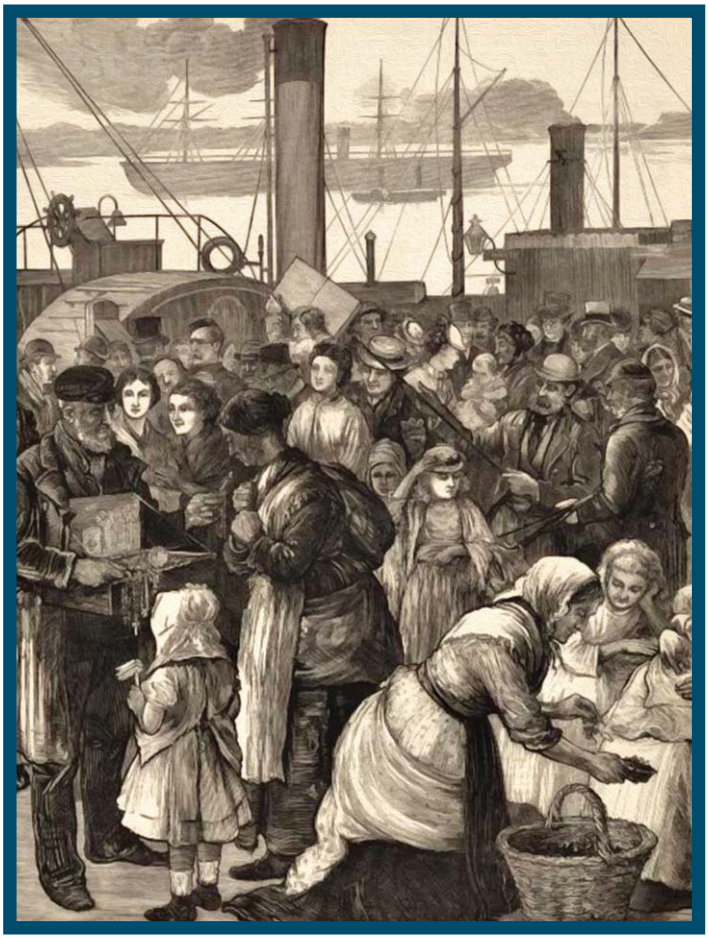
"the magnificent packet ship
Emerald Isle"

876 passengers boarded the *Emerald Isle*—627 from Scandinavia and the remainder from the British Isles.[5] "They were ushered on board in great haste," wrote Hals. "It was a most unpleasant sight to witness

the poor emigrants treated like brutes by the sailors and others...

it certainly was a wonder that none was hurt."[6] That evening a tugboat towed the ship out into the harbor where it anchored for the night—the earlier rough boarding of the Saints only a portent of what was to come.

The next morning President Franklin D. Richards, William B. Preston, and Charles W. Penrose were ferried out to the ship. They blessed and dedicated the ship and spoke to the departing Saints: "Every heart was touched by the words uttered and the pleasant influence which pervaded the assembly. As the brethren left us to go ashore, we gave them several ringing cheers."[7] The *Emerald Isle* weighed anchors and was towed out to sea, where it unfurled its sails.

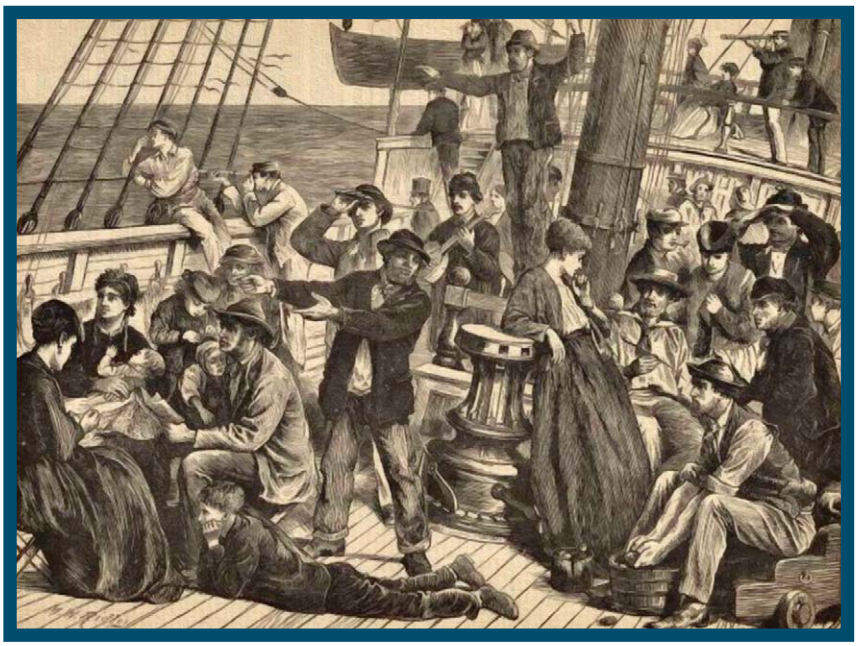


During that first day at sea, Elder Hals recommended that any engaged couples among the passengers should get married, as it would be a long and difficult voyage. The young Hansens decided to follow that counsel. Hals recorded that the very next day, a Sunday, he performed the marriage ceremony for two couples. One of those was Niels Mads and Karen Marie Hansen. Niels was twenty-seven, Karen Marie was sixteen. Their journey to Zion was now also their honeymoon.

Hals had much more on his mind those first few days than just getting the engaged couples married. After assigning everyone to berths, he distributed the luggage to its proper owners, organized the company in thirteen wards (each with a presiding elder), administered to the sick, set up guards to protect the Saints from the crew ("who seemed to take delight in annoying and insulting us in every way possible"), set up schedules and assignments for drawing water and provisions, instructed assigned individuals on cooking procedures, divided the kitchen between the English and the Scandinavians, settled up the financial accounts, and worked with the captain, the mate, and the doctor. "Thus," he wrote in his journal, "I succeeded in bringing some little order out of chaos."[8]

The Saints had brought with them a distilling machine to provide fresh water while at sea; however, the equipment failed and the ship made an unplanned stop at Queenstown, Ireland, to obtain barrels of water. The unplanned stop provided an opportunity for some

LEFT: PAINTING BY JAMES GARDNER OF THE EMERALD ISLE, A CLIPPER SHIP BUILT 1853 IN BATH, MAINE. THE CLIENT COMMISSIONED THE ARTWORK TO COMMEMORATE HER ANCESTORS, SEVERAL OF WHOM IMMIGRATED TO THE UNITED STATES ABOARD THE EMERALD ISLE IN 1868. SEE *JAMESGARDNERART.WORDPRESS.COM,* ONLINE



recreation: after arriving in port, the Saints came up to the deck and held a dance. The crew spent the better part of three days loading water on board, while Hals and others obtained additional provisions for the company. As they were in port over a Sunday, the Saints held a combined church service on the main deck. James Smith—Hals' first counselor—spoke English; John Fagerberg, his second counselor, spoke Swedish; and Hals himself spoke both Danish and English. The sacrament was administered later in the day in a series of four meetings below deck, after which the ship again set sail for New York.

The crew continued their poor treatment of the Saints begun at boarding. Finally, Hals complained energetically to the captain. "It came to harsh words between us," Hals wrote, "as I stood up for the rights of the people, exhibited my papers, and demanded that our people should be humanely treated and also have the portion of the water due them. I succeeded in getting some concessions, though the captain was hard to move."[9]

The improvement was short lived. Ten days later, when immigrant women had hung wash up to dry on the deck, the first mate cut the laundry lines and caused the drying clothes to fall to the grimy surface below. He then lewdly grabbed one of the women from Denmark. Hals, who was nearby, accosted the mate and forced him away. A crowd quickly gathered, including the captain. Hals reminded the captain of their previous conversation and then added a threat: if the ugly and brutal behavior of the crew continued, the many experienced sailors among the Saints would take control of the ship and bring it safely to port in New York. The captain put the offending first mate in confinement for three days, but the relationship between the crew and the emigrants continued to be difficult. One emigrant later wrote,

"We had a most unpleasant voyage of eight weeks. I shall never forget the horrors of the weeks; the worst, it is said, of all other emigrations."[10]

Hans Jorgenson, a Danish convert, remembered, "The captain and crew showed themselves as rough and mean towards us (especially the Danish) as they could, and the provisions did not by any means come up to the bargain." He compared it to the treatment received by Danish prisoners held by the English during the Napoleonic Wars and then declared, "I for my part can never think on the deadly *Emerald Isle* but with the greatest disgust and hatred."[11] Church historian Andrew Jenson concluded, "No other company of emigrating Saints from Scandinavia are known to have met with such

bad treatment as this on board any ship in crossing the Atlantic Ocean."[12]

Two days out of Queensland, a dozen children had come down with measles, and on July 1 a two-year-old Danish girl died. The men made a coffin much longer than the child's body and inserted a partition below the point where her feet would extend. They then filled the lower portion of the coffin with coal so that it would sink into the ocean. A service was held in both English and Danish, and the coffin was lowered into the sea. But rather than sinking, much to the horror of the infant's parents, the coffin continued to bob on the waves as it drifted away from the ship until it was out of sight. After that experience, the dead were strapped to a board with bundles of coal affixed to each end, ensuring that they would sink immediately. In total, at least thirty-seven passengers died, most of them children.[13]

Through such difficulties the company worked to maintain order and routine. Laundry was done twice a week, choirs were organized in both English and Danish, and a school was established to teach English to the Scandinavians. Church services were held each Sunday; the daily work of distributing provisions and cooking meals continued on an organized schedule. Hals and his counselors visited with the Saints regularly to lift their spirits and administer to the sick. One evening the English choir entertained with music and stories. On July 22 "a Danish woman gave birth to a large and beautiful child, and everything connected with the event came off successfully."[14]

Finally, on the morning of August 11, the immigrants got their first view of America. A tugboat brought the ship into New York harbor in the afternoon, where the vessel anchored in the bay while quarantine officers and doctors came on board. Karen's leg had begun to swell and she had developed a fever. Karen and several other immigrants were removed from the ship and taken to a hospital.

The remaining immigrants stayed on the *Emerald Isle* for three days until the quarantine inspection was completed. In the meantime, Hals went ashore to arrange the next phase of travel. Among other errands, he "went to the bank with drafts and drew $26,777.25 in greenbacks and $1,000 in gold."[15]

The ship docked at the city wharf late in the day on August 13, and the next morning, Hals shook hands with each immigrant as they disembarked at Castle Garden (now Castle Clinton National Monument in Manhattan's Battery Park). He then ushered them onto two steamboats which took them upriver to a large shed by the railway station. On the evening of August 15 the immigrants boarded a train to begin the next leg of their journey.

"IRISH IMMIGRANTS LEAVING QUEENSTOWN HARBOR, 1874" (51); "EMIGRANTS ON SHIPBOARD, 1871" (52); "NEW YORK CITY, 1878" (53); *THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY DIGITAL COLLECTIONS,* ONLINE

Karen Marie, meanwhile, had been in the hospital where she understood nothing said by the doctors or nurses, nor could they understand her. When a doctor approved her discharge and a nurse brought her clothing to her, Karen was shocked to see that it was not her clothing. She had entered the hospital with her best clothes, acquired for her new life in America, but upon her discharge she was given old, ragged garments she didn't recognize. And the language barrier meant that the mix-up (or theft) was impossible to resolve.

While Niels had waited for Karen to be released from the hospital, he had taken the opportunity to do some sightseeing in Manhattan. At one point, he had casually set down his heavy carpetbag, never imagining that someone might steal it, but steal it they did. When he at last met up with Karen, she had none of her new clothing and he had lost his trousseau as well as the cash for their new life. Their honeymoon was not going well.

Nevertheless, Niels and Karen followed the other immigrants from New York through Detroit to Chicago, a distance of about 800 miles. In Chicago, Hals succeeded in getting some better cars for the Scandinavian Saints, "they having rode in the poorest cars all the way from New York."[16] The next day, August 20, they arrived in Council Bluffs where the entire company "camped in the open air."[17]

As there was no bridge yet across the Missouri River, a fellow-Saint from Omaha came over to assist the company in crossing the river on steamboats and getting them to the train station on the Omaha side. During this very busy day, one of the women in the company died, and in the midst of river-crossings and train-boardings, a funeral for Sister Kjar was hastily arranged and a burial conducted. Two days later, another woman in the company successfully gave birth on the train.

But the train's crowded conditions, the rough and noisy ride, the smoke from the engine, and the late August heat combined to make the train journey very unpleasant, and several of the Saints became ill. After ten days of rail travel, the company reached the terminus of the Union Pacific at Benton, Wyoming, about seven miles east of present-day Rawlins. There they were met by Church wagons and were organized into two wagon trains. The Hansens were assigned to the John G. Holman train, consisting of about sixty wagons with twelve persons per wagon. They left the North Platte on September 1 and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on September 25.

ABOVE: *THE PORT OF NEW YORK,* BY CURRIER & IVES, 1878, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Niels and Karen Marie's journey had taken them some 6,800 miles—4,500 by sea, 2,000 by rail, and 300 by ox team—and had lasted 105 days.

The *Emerald Isle* was the last sailing ship to arrive in the US with a company of Latter-day Saint emigrants. By 1869 the Church could afford passage on steamships, reducing the crossing time to about two weeks. The Holman Company was similarly the last major wagon train to carry pioneer emigrants from Wyoming to Utah.[18] The completion of the transcontinental railroad in May 1869 brought the Utah pioneer era to an official close, and beginning in 1869, European converts gathered to the Intermountain West by steamship and railroad. Niels and Karen Marie Hansen were among the last of Utah's traditional pioneers.

1 Erastus Snow, *One Year in Scandinavia: Results of the Gospel in Denmark and Sweden* (1851), 18.

2 Andrew Jensen, *History of the Scandinavian Mission* (1927), 201.

3 *Millennial Star*, 30 (4 Jul 1868): 426.

4 Norma Hansen Decker, "The History of Mother and Father Hansen," unpublished manuscript in author's possession, p. 5.

5 *Millennial Star*, 30 (4 Jul 1868): 426. The *Saints by Sea* website shows 910 total passengers.

6 Hans Jensen Hals, journal, entry for 19 Jun 1686, Studies in Mormon History Collection, no. 17585, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

7 Hals, entry for 20 Jun 1868.

8 Hals, entries for 20–24 Jun 1868.

9 Hals, entry for 3 Jul 1868.

10 Christian Larsen, "Autobiographical Sketch of Christian Larsen," *Saints by Sea: Latter-day Saint Immigration to America*, database, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; online.

11 Hans Jorgenson, reminiscences and journal, pp. 80–1, CHL, ms. 7330.

12 Jensen 202.

13 Different accounts show a different number of deaths; the total may have been as high as 41.

14 Hals, entry for 22 Jul 1868.

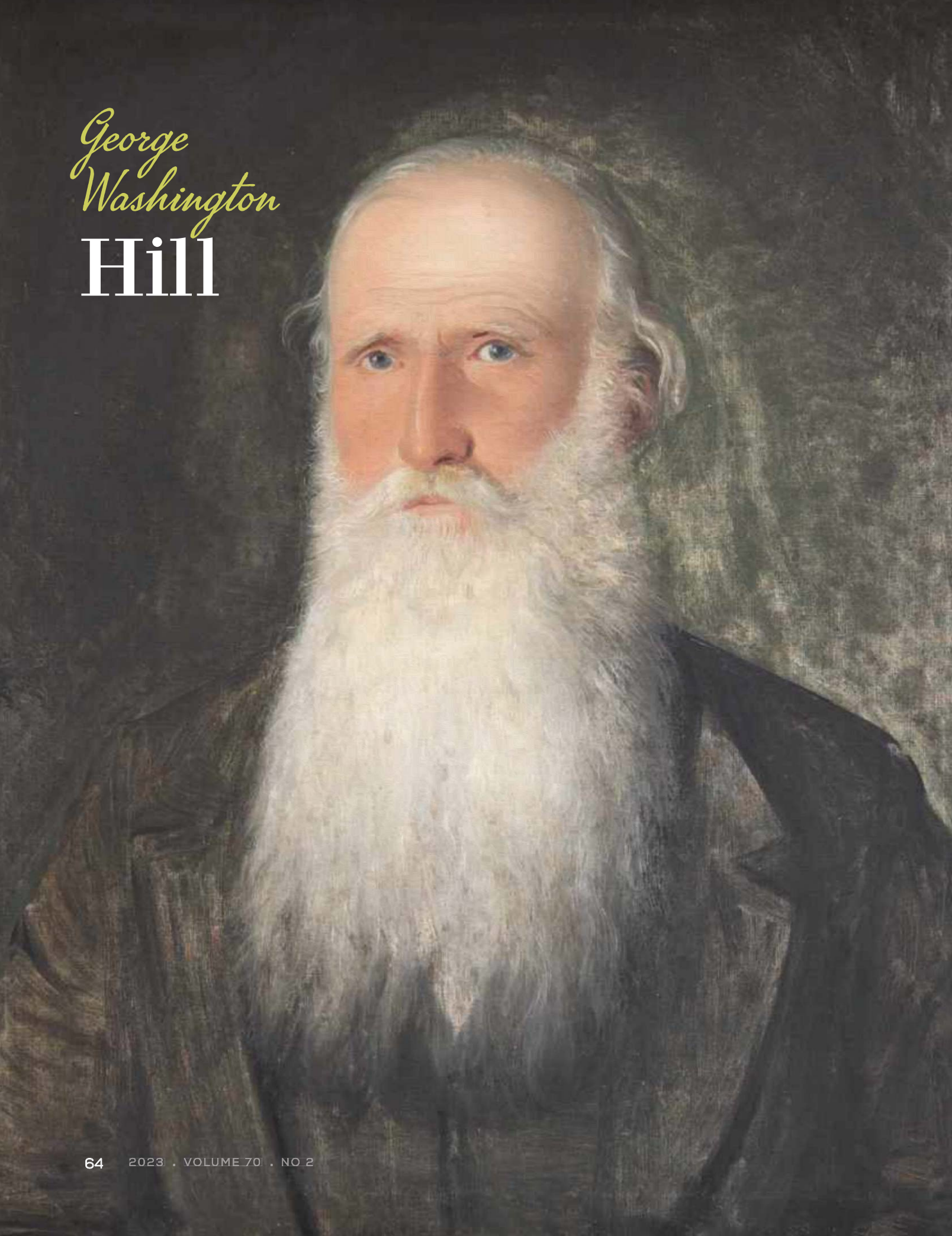
15 Hals, entry for 13 Aug 1868.

16 Hals, entry for 19 Aug 1868.

17 Hals, entry for 21 Aug 1868

18 A group of about sixty immigrants, many of them originally aboard the *Emerald Isle,* were themselves patients (or family members of patients) not released from the New York hospital until several weeks later. Members of this group left New York by train on Oct 3, arriving at the terminus in Wyoming about Oct 13 and in the Salt Lake Valley on Oct 24. The final stage was traveled via a small wagon train captained by Frederick Christian Anderson (*Church History Biography Database*, Fred C. Anderson Company, online).

George Washington Hill



A Life of Gathering and Sacrifice

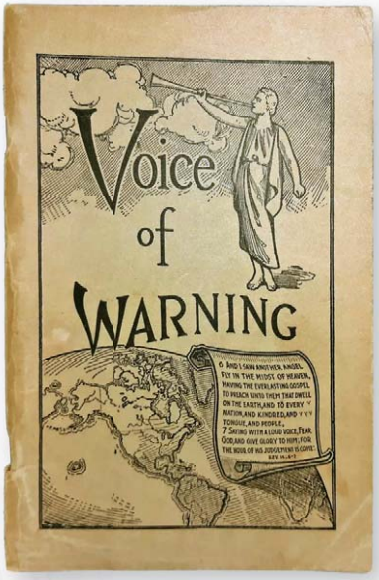
BY WAYNE HINTON

At various times during his lifetime George Washington Hill was a hunter, a scout, a speaker and interpreter of four Indian dialects, a colonizer, a missionary who taught several hundred Indigenous American converts the restored gospel of Jesus Christ, a security guard for the railroad, and a bodyguard to Wilford Woodruff.[1]

George was born in Athens County, Ohio, in March 1822 to Richard and Sarah Strait Hill. His father, a stone and brick mason and sometimes farmer, became an alcoholic and itinerant worker who kept the family financially strapped.[2]

After relocating twice within Ohio, the family moved to Coles County, Illinois, in 1834. That summer, chills and fever afflicted the family so they moved to Sangamon County.[3] Hoped-for improvements in health were not forthcoming, so the family moved again—this time to a farm on the Wabash River where they remained for the next eight years. In 1842 the Hills moved to Dallas County in southwest Missouri. George was now twenty years old and he purchased a farm of his own adjoining his father's property.[4]

Two years later, in the spring of 1844, George met a charming young woman named **Cynthia Stewart**. He actually heard her before he met her: as he was emerging one morning from hunting in the woods, he heard a beautiful voice singing a hymn. He was overcome by a powerful feeling that the woman whose voice he heard would become his wife. When he asked her later if he could court her, she cautioned him that she was a "Mormon" and that he might not be interested. But she also gave him copies of the Book of Mormon and Parley P. Pratt's *Voice of Warning* so he could learn about her faith. He was intrigued rather than dissuaded, and he read both books over and over.[5]



A few weeks later a Campbellite preacher arrived in the area, and George and some of his family began attending his Sunday sermons out of curiosity. Partly because of his feelings about Pratt's book, George fell into heated debate with the preacher regarding Campbellite doctrine. As George found himself prevailing in the debate, he recognized the depth of his conversion to the restored gospel, and he determined to marry Cynthia and gather with the Saints. George's father had heard negative rumors about the Saints and unsuccessfully tried to persuade George to break off his engagement to Cynthia. This only strengthened George in his resolve, and he and Cynthia were married in September 1845 by a Methodist minister named Yeager.[6] Cynthia was sometimes asked by fellow Saints if she understood that by "marrying that gentile," she would "go with him down to hell." Her response was always the same: "Yes, and make a heaven down there for him to live in." She had great confidence in his capacity for

LEFT PAINTING: ORIGINAL IN THE CARE OF JAMES RICHARD SMITH; RESTORED BY VAL GROVER, REXBURG, IDAHO; SEE GEORGE WASHINGTON HILL, *FAMILYSEARCH.COM*, ONLINE

goodness and change and trusted God to bless their marriage.[7]

George's mother-in-law, **Ruthinda Baker Stewart,** was one who had initially objected to Cynthia's marrying a gentile. But George had won Ruth over by promising that he would safely convey her and her nine children (and her Black slave) to the Saints and their leaders at Nauvoo. In preparation, George sold his farm and meager possessions. Before he could help Ruth settle her affairs, however, word came that the first wave of Saints had already evacuated Nauvoo.[8]

Determined to join the evacuating Saints, and pooling their resources and supplies, George and Cynthia and the Stewart family left Missouri in June 1846. They went as far as Warsaw, Missouri, but when no one there had information about the Saints, George knew the evacuees must be north of them. At Boonville, Missouri, they got conflicting reports about the Saints, and George determined to cross the Missouri River and continue north. Even though he had not yet been baptized, George had great faith in the efficacy of prayer and often prayed for guidance in their travels. After crossing the Grand River, George felt inspired to divert from the road they had been following and take a less-traveled track veering to the right.

That evening Ruth's little one-horse wagon broke down when a rear wheel lost every spoke. There were no blacksmiths or wagon shops within twenty miles, and so George appropriated a wooden rail from a nearby fence and set to work with a dull handsaw and a dull carving knife to begin fashioning wheel spokes. The next day he completed his first crude wheel repair, and he and the small company moved forward.[9]

Several nights later, fighting discouragement, George engaged in fervent personal prayer. After lying down to rest, he had a dream—that seemed more a vision to him—affirming that all would be well with his small band and that he would live to complete an important life mission.[10] With renewed determination, George mounted his horse the following morning and encouraged his extended family to courageously follow the road they had chosen.[11]

After traveling another forty miles north, they arrived at Kelsey's Mills, Iowa, where they encountered two fellow Saints, Thomas Workman and Samuel Brennan, who said that the Saints' main camp was about eighty miles west at Mt. Pisgah. George suggested to Ruth that they lay over at Kelsey's Mills for a week to enable Cynthia, who had been sick for several days, to regain her health. In the meantime, George declared, he would trade worn-out horses for oxen and obtain needed supplies. One week later the small band headed west across the Iowa prairie.[12]

A few days' journey brought them to Mt. Pisgah where George rented a log home. But because Brigham Young and other leaders had proceeded to what would become Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the east side of the Missouri River, George didn't feel comfortable remaining long at Mt. Pisgah. He had vowed to take his wife's family to where the Church's leaders were. He and his oldest brother-in-law, James W. Stewart, traveled west to Council Bluffs and then crossed the river to what would become Winter Quarters, Nebraska. There, they found William Stewart, an uncle to George's wife and to James, with whom the men stayed briefly before returning to Mt. Pisgah, arriving in time for the delivery of George and Cynthia's first child.[13]

The Hills and their newborn, together with Ruth's family, set out for Winter Quarters by early September 1846 and arrived in mid-October. The extended family constructed a small log cabin on the Boyer River and spent a very hard

winter there, one for which they were ill prepared. They were poorly clothed and often went hungry, and the tiny cabin was woefully small for thirteen occupants. Additionally, the weather was severe. George felt the adversary was working overtime to discourage him, but he was determined to resist such feelings even though he admitted to sometimes weeping—when alone—because he felt so helpless to provide for his large family.[14]

In the midst of that hard winter Ruth proposed that George take her Black slave to Missouri and sell her for supplies. George did so, receiving in exchange from a certain Captain Whitehead fifty dollars cash—in addition to two cows, two yokes of oxen, and a wagon. On the return trip, the snow grew increasingly deep. For four days the wind drove the snow into George's face, freezing his ears. On his arrival at Mt. Pisgah, however, his mother-in-law was so pleased

MT. PISGAH MONUMENT, UNION COUNTY, IOWA; PHOTO BY KENNETH MAYS

that she gave him one of the cows. Later in life, George was not proud of his temporary role as slave trader but acknowledged that the pre-Civil War frontier was a difficult terrain governed by survival ethics.[15]

In mid-February the extended family moved from their cramped cabin to the central Winter Quarters settlement, working cooperatively with other refugee Saints to prepare for the westward journey.[16] Three weeks after the vanguard company's departure in April, a Methodist preacher came into camp and challenged the Saints to defend their doctrine. George attended the debate between the minister and Benjamin L. Clapp. The arguments of the latter so moved George that he approached him and said, "Here is water; I must be baptized."[17]

Just less than two weeks following his June 5 baptism—by Benjamin Clapp—George and his family journeyed to the Elkhorn River to join the Abraham O. Smoot Company. George, an excellent marksman, was appointed hunter for the company. On one occasion he was upwind of a deer following a trail that led toward him. He was away from camp without his gun so he waited in brush on the side of the trail and lassoed the buck deer as it passed him. George prevailed in the ensuing struggle as he was a large, strong man, but the deer—slashing at George's clothes with its antlers—nearly undressed him in the process.[18]

Later as the company was preparing camp near a creek bank, a large grizzly bear with two cubs was spotted a distance away on the opposite bank. Some of the men went after her until she charged and Captain Smoot called to them to run. All quickly retreated except George Hill who stood his ground. When the bear came into view he shot and killed her and then caught the cubs and dispatched them with his knife.[19]

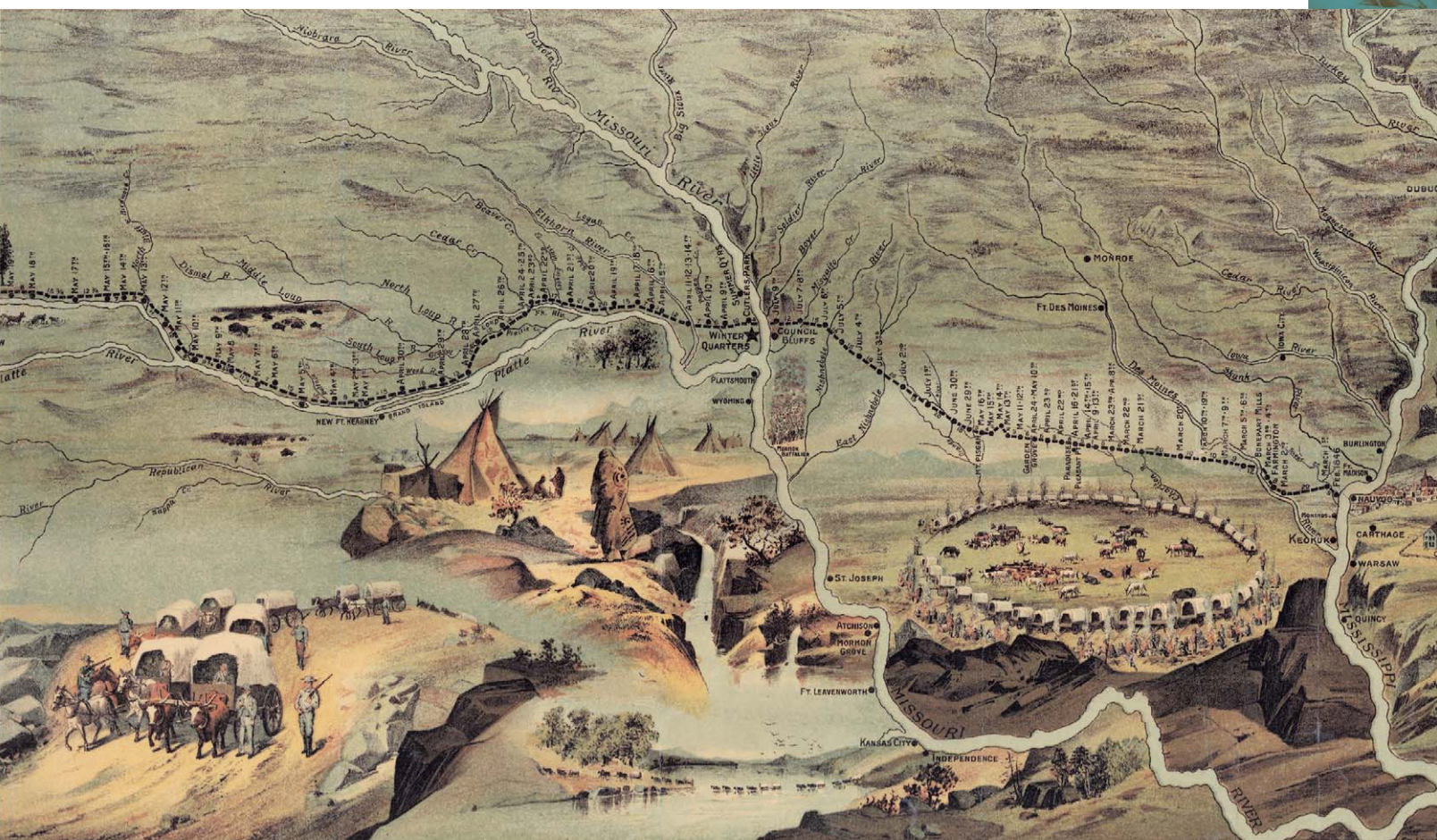
When the company arrived at Scott's Bluff, some of the men spotted mountain sheep near the top of the bluff and began climbing it, perhaps hoping to kill one of the rams for food. On the descent following an unsuccessful pursuit, Parley P. Pratt found himself in a dangerous position, unable to move, and began trembling "like a leaf in a breeze." There was a hundred-foot drop off the narrow, isolated ledge on which he stood. George managed to secure himself

in a place where he could firmly grasp Parley's outstretched hand and wrist and pull him to safety. They rested long enough for Elder Pratt to regain his composure and then descended the bluff together.[20]

As with the vanguard company and those that immediately followed, the Smoot Company traveled on the north side of the Platte River until reaching Fort John near present-day Laramie, Wyoming. There, they crossed to the south side of the river and rested a few days to rejuvenate the stock and repair wagons and equipment. At Pacific Springs on September 5, they met a small company led by Brigham Young returning to the Missouri River to assist others crossing the plains the following year. President Young addressed the Smoot Company, thrilling its members with the news that the site for the gathering had been selected in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.[21]

The Smoot Company arrived at Salt Lake City on September 18. George and his family first settled at Harrisville, but soon relocated to Ogden.[22] The first winter seemed moderate in comparison with those on the frontier, but the second—designated by George as the "starvation winter of 1848–49"—was harsh indeed. On the eve of this difficult time, Cynthia delivered a baby girl.[23]

In September 1849 George received word that his parents, still in Missouri, were interested in joining the Church. Heeding Brigham Young's advice, George left Salt Lake City in October and traveled east with a party of missionaries. They reached Kanesville, Iowa, in early December; George then traveled southwest to Missouri and arrived at his father's home just after Christmas. He taught his family the restored gospel and nearly all committed to be baptized in February 1850. Although George's father became seriously ill and died without



baptism, most other immediate family members were baptized as planned. They then gathered their belongings and, as a family group, left for Utah in March.[24]

After the family's arrival in Utah that summer, George settled his mother and siblings in a government wagon until a house could be built.[25] George had now safely brought both his and his wife's families to Utah. When the Endowment House was completed and dedicated in the fall of 1852, George and Cynthia were sealed to each other and their children. George also ensured that proxy work was done for deceased family members, including his father.

Because he had learned from James S. Brown to speak Shoshone, George Hill was called in 1855—with twenty-six other men—to establish Fort Limhi as a colony and Indian mission in Idaho.[26] Hill soon gained the confidence of the Indigenous Americans with whom he shared the gospel message and with whom he established lasting personal friendships. They began calling him *Ainka-bambi*, or "Red-Hair."[27]

When the colonists and their families were recalled in 1857 from Fort Limhi during the Utah War, Hill became a captain of a cavalry company in the Utah militia. He also helped evacuate Saints from northern Utah to settlements further south. Hill's own family temporarily relocated to a home in Fillmore, Utah. When Brigham Young said it was safe for the evacuated Saints to return to their homes, the Hills returned to Ogden.[28]

In 1864 George furnished a team and wagon for the Down-and-Back wagon trains which took supplies to the Missouri River and brought immigrants back to Utah. In 1866 he furnished a second wagon which his oldest son, George Richard, drove.[29] Between 1869 and 1875 Hill worked as a railroad night-watchman. And in May 1873 he was ordained to the office of stake patriarch in the Church of Jesus Christ.[30]

Brigham Young called Hill in April 1875 to lead a renewed missionary effort among Indigenous peoples of Utah Territory. Young encouraged Hill to teach the restored gospel—but also to teach principles of agriculture and self-sufficiency.[31] Hill helped establish a permanent settlement known as Washakie where many Indigenous converts lived as a community of Saints.[32]

When Dimick B. Huntington, the official "Indian interpreter" for the Church, passed away in February 1879, Hill was called to succeed him. Moving his wife and unmarried children to Salt Lake City, Hill was also employed at the Tithing Office.[33] Additionally, he served as a bodyguard for Wilford Woodruff.[34]

In mid-February 1891 Hill contracted influenza; it quickly turned to pneumonia, and he passed away less than two weeks later, survived by his wife and six children. As his youthful dream had foretold, George Washington Hill would honorably complete an important life mission.[35]

1 Joseph John Hill, "George Washington Hill," typescript (Franklin, ID: n.d.), 4.

2 George Washington Hill, "Incidents in the Life of George Washington Hill," typescript (Logan, UT: 1878), 1.

3 J. J. Hill 1.

4 G. W. Hill 2.

5 J. J. Hill 1, 2.

6 Ibid.; J. J. Hill gives the Campbellite preacher's name as Mr. Gordon.

7 J. J. Hill 4.

8 G. W. Hill 5, 12.

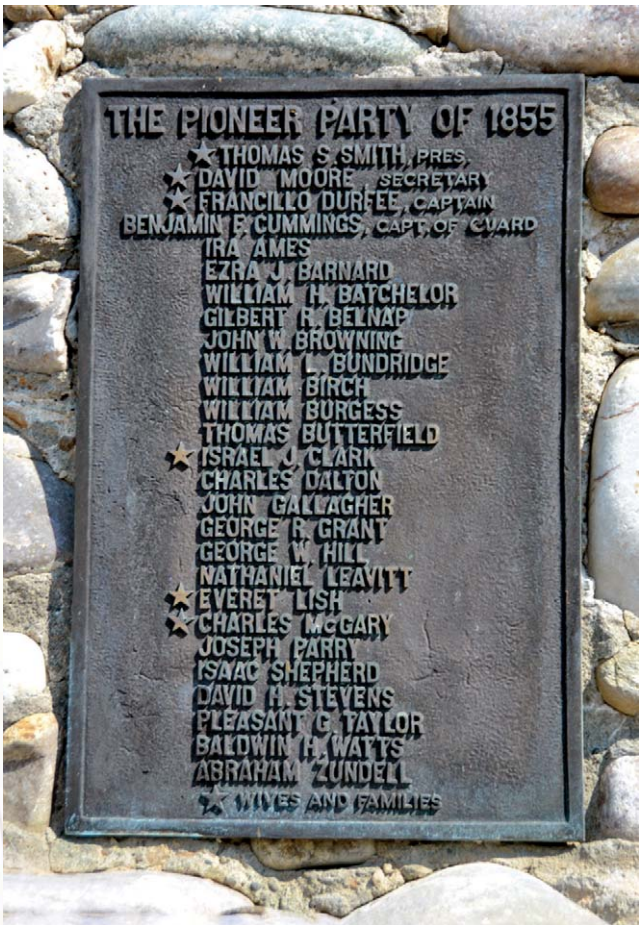
9 G. W. Hill 13–4.

10 G. W. Hill 3; J. J. Hill 4.

11 Ibid.

12 G. W. Hill 11.

13 G. W. Hill, 14. The baby was named George Richard.



14 G. W. Hill 16–7.

15 G. W. Hill 17.

16 G. W. Hill 18.

17 Ralph O. Brown, "The Life and Missionary Labors of George Washington Hill," MS thesis, Brigham Young University, 1956, 16.

18 George Richard Hill, "The Life and Labors of George Washington Hill," typescript (Logan, UT: 1928), 5–6.

19 G. W. Hill 19–20.

20 J. J. Hill 5–6.

21 G. W. Hill 24.

22 C. Elliott Berlin, "Abraham Owen Smoot, Pioneer Mormon Leader," MA thesis, Brigham Young University, 1955, 45; G. W. Hill 31. Later, George would establish a farm at Mill Creek, but most of his extended family would remain in Ogden.

23 G. W. Hill 32–3. The baby was born in late October 1848 and was named Cynthia Clarinda.

24 G. W. Hill 33.

25 G. W. Hill 32–4.

26 G. R. Hill 19.

27 J. J. Hill 10–1. The Shoshone phrase was anglicized as *an-ke-pom-py* by Dimick B. Huntington, G. W. Hill, and W. P. Clark in their *Vocabulary of the Utah and Shoshone or Snake Dialects* (1872).

28 G. R. Hill 24–5; J. J. Hill 12.

29 G. R. Hill 50–2.

30 G. R. Hill 59, 61–2.

31 "Journal History of the Church," May 27, 1873, Church History Library, Salt Lake City, UT.

32 J. J. Hill 24.

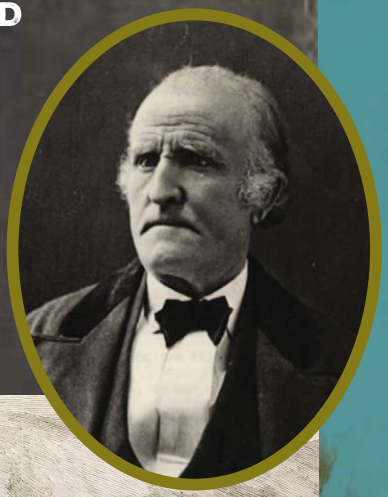
33 G. R. Hill 65.

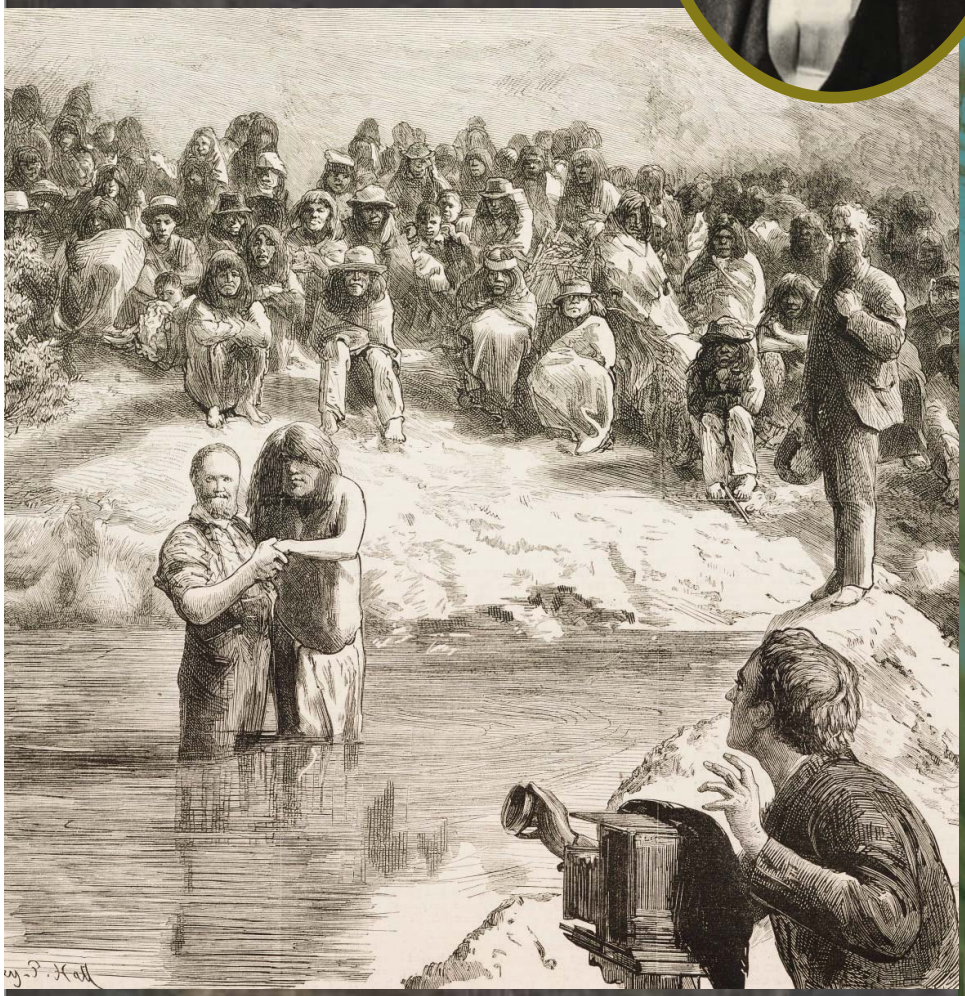
34 G. R. Hill 68.

35 G. R. Hill 75. A toddler son, Heber James, had preceded him in death in December 1851.

"TODAY I AM CALLED ON TO BAPTIZE ANOTHER BAND OF ABOUT TWENTY AND STILL THEY COME, AND THE WORK IS EXTEND-ING LIKE FIRE IN THE DRY GRASS."

—George Washington Hill





Read more about the mass Shoshone conversions in Pioneer, *66.1 (2019): 38–47.*

PIONEERS OF 1847

Monument honoring Black pioneers

THIS IS THE PLACE HERITAGE PARK

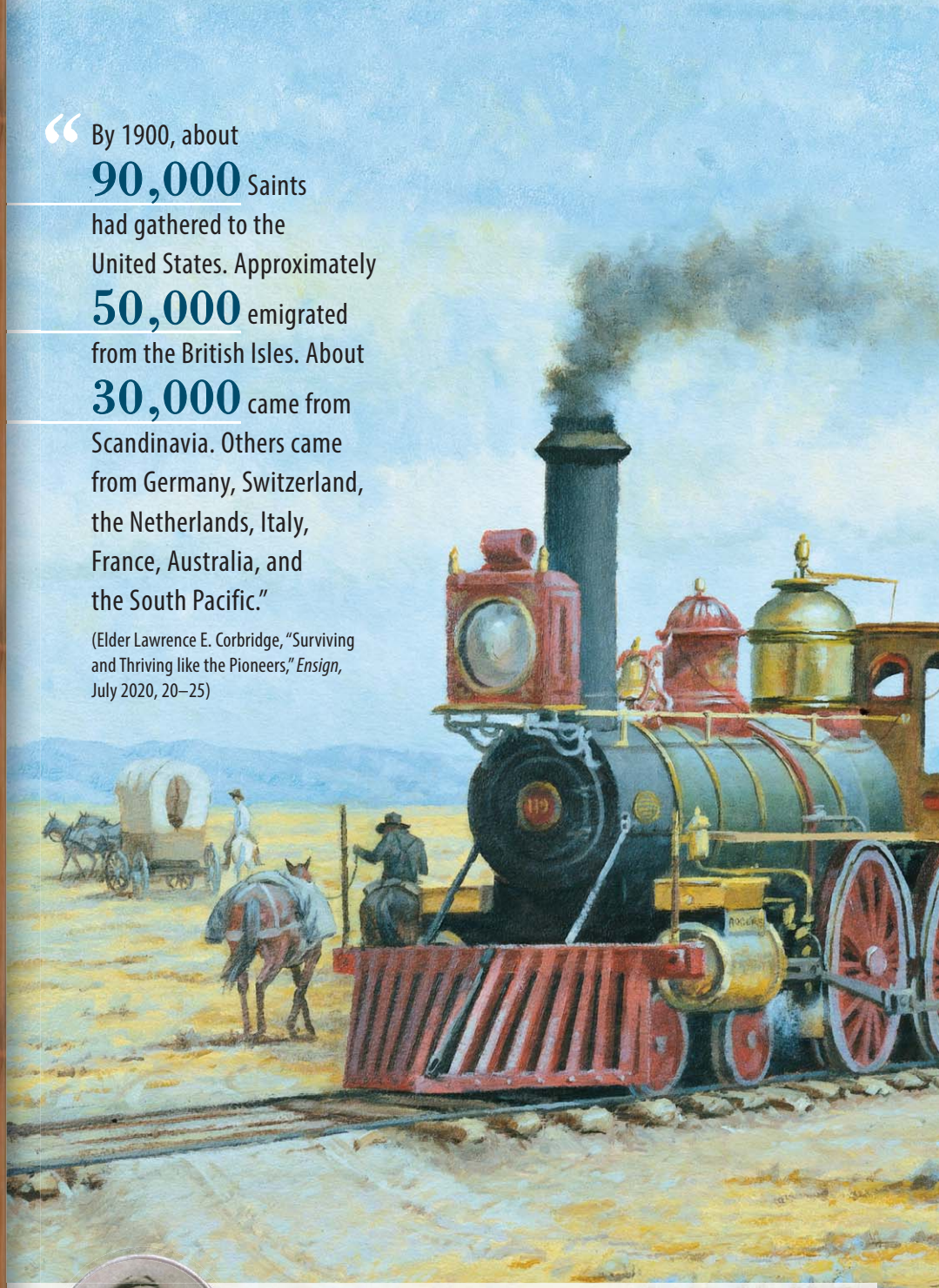
"On the 175th anniversary of the day when [Green] Flake drove the first wagon into Emigration Canyon with brothers Wales and Smith in the same group, a monument to those three—and James, who arrived later in 1847—was unveiled. President M. Russell Ballard, the Acting President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles and a direct descendant of and proponent for early pioneers, dedicated the monument before a crowd of several hundred. . . .

"Four years in the stages of ideas, planning and production of how to honor the free and enslaved Blacks who were part of the westward migration, the new monument joins similar edifices of tribute on the east side of Salt Lake City, at the foot of the Wasatch Range and near the mouth of Emigration Canyon."

—Scott Taylor, "The stories behind the new *Pioneers of 1847* monument honoring Black pioneers," *Church News,* July 22, 2022, online.

Sculptures by Stephanie and Roger Hunt

Photos by Dennis Lyman



“By 1900, about **90,000** Saints had gathered to the United States. Approximately **50,000** emigrated from the British Isles. About **30,000** came from Scandinavia. Others came from Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Italy, France, Australia, and the South Pacific.”

(Elder Lawrence E. Corbridge, “Surviving and Thriving like the Pioneers,” *Ensign*, July 2020, 20–25)

“In the year 1855 … I, together with a younger sister, left home and sailed … very much against my father’s wishes. But I believed in the **principle of the gathering** and felt it my duty to go, although it was a severe trial to me in my feelings to leave my native land and the pleasing associations that I had formed there, but my heart was fixed. I knew in whom I had trusted, and with the fire of Israel’s God burning in my bosom, I forsook my home, but not to gather wealth or the perishable things of this world.”— *Jane Charters Robinson from the Isle of Man*